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FIRST OF NEW HAIR-RAISING THRILLERS

WEEK ENDING AUG. 20, 1932

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

AUGUST 20, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 34

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

PAY TWO BILLION BONUS TO THE SOLDIERS WITHOUT COST TO THE GOVERNMENT

Here is a plan that—so its sponsor claims—will enable the federal government to pay the bonus to our soldiers and the cost will be negligible.

But how can you pay something with nothing?

Well, here is the idea:

The United States government can issue the full amount owing to the veterans in government scrip ranging from one dollar to one hundred dollars, the veterans to be permitted to use this scrip as money.

To present the idea more clearly, let us say the veteran pays twenty dollars in scrip for a suit of clothes. Before the merchant can use this scrip he must paste on the back 2 per cent (or 40 cents) in stamps. Each one who receives it thereafter will have to repeat the process—paste thereon 2 per cent or 40 cents in stamps.

When the total amount of twenty dollars has been collected by the government for stamps which have been pasted and canceled on the back of this scrip, it will then be redeemed by the United States Treasury and, naturally, it would then be acceptable to all banks.

As our contributor points out, the only cost to the government would be the expense of printing, and the plan would put all this money into the hands of spenders and it would continue to circulate for some time to come.

This removes the one outstanding objection which has been put forward by Washington officials to paying the bonus. It is contended that extravagance has boosted our federal expenses to such an extent that rigid economy is now essential and the government really cannot afford to pay the bonus at this time.

But here is a situation where you can "have your cake and eat it too."

If it is the government's intention to pay this bonus in the distant future, a large number of the veterans may have already passed on to their last resting place. But if they can enjoy the rewards of their harsh experiences during the war at this time, with actual profit to business generally and ultimately to the government, why not allow them this privilege?

Money is scarce. Two billion dollars in scrip in the hands of veterans who are free spenders would start business up everywhere; we would all feel the effects of this sudden stimulation of business in every line.

There may be many defects in this plan—some of our economic and government experts can doubtless pick flaws of all kinds—but these are times when we should try to avoid being finicky. What we want right now is relief from really revolutionary emergencies.

Thousands of veterans would be satisfied; there would be no more whining croakers; they would have to acknowledge that they had been treated fairly and squarely, and they would doubtless again begin an honest search for a worth-while job.

This is apparently a definite remedy for the solution of this very grave problem. Pay the bonus with scrip—without cost to the government, printing excepted—and make everybody happy.

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Pieces of GOLD

The Story of a Locket's Secret and a Sea Rogue's Hidden Treasure

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by CHARLES DE FEO

(Reading time: 29 minutes 5 seconds.)

BEN CASS was buried on the top of the hill; I knew that, and little more. It was always said that he had hidden a treasure somewhere on Bowling Island, but nothing ever had been found.

Ben was the last, the very last, of the South Seas "bad men." Wireless put an end to the rest of them soon after he was hanged on Michaelmas Island. The parsons wouldn't give him room in the Michaelmas cemetery, so he was sent across to Bowling, where he had lived—when he lived anywhere—and the natives, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, carried him to the top of the island and buried him there.

And the winds blew over him, and the sun shone, and sometimes rarely it rained, for twenty years.

As for me, I was in England, where the sun does not shine, working in a bank. Shut in there behind the bars of my nickel cage, I used to think of the tales I had read about Ben Cass; picture to myself the smoke of tossing seas lit up by suns like flame, and fights, and shouting, and blood spilled on salty decks. . . .

I'd been a child when he died, but Ben was my hero; I knew all about him, or believed I did.

Well, the war came, and, like many another clerk who thought to warm a high stool till he died, I got my fill of blood and shouts and fighting, after all. They didn't keep that high stool for my return, so I went to Australia to make my fortune, and did not make it. A war mate, Charlie Pinhorn, who had come with me, suggested that we should pool the last of our resources and go hunting for Ben Cass's gold.

Pinhorn was a pleasant fellow; he had done all sorts of odd jobs over the world, including tourist work and guiding. He had picked up a wife on the last job, lost her again somewhere, and believed her dead. Having run through her money, he found himself almost destitute. "We've got to find that gold," he warned me, laughing—Pinhorn was always laughing; a hefty, handsome fellow he was, and I didn't wonder the heiress had taken a fancy to him. "I'm fed up with acting bear leader," he said. "But, believe me, I used to do it well."

We were working hard at our hunting that day. It was hot, and both of us very thirsty. Pinhorn laid down his pick.

"Where's Rarai and the beer?" he asked. "Treasure hunting's dry work, and I'll swear we've combed every inch of this confounded hill since sunup."

I called our native servant, the only one we had, for we had been obliged to cut our expenses as closely as we could. Rarai was very old, a queer little monkey of a

I HAD plunged my hands into the nearest of the barrels, and brought them out filled with pieces of gold, when a shadow caused me to start and drop the coins.

fellow who wore no clothes save a pandanus-leaf loin cloth and whatever ornament happened to be current—sometimes it was a wheel from an alarm clock slung round his withered neck; sometimes the round metal from the top of a cigarette tin; anything that dangled and was bright.

We saw him, a long way off, beginning to climb the hill from the tent below. He had wisely provided himself with a fresh supply of beer. The darting sun of midday glittered on a small round yellow object slung to his neck by a bit of string.

"What's the old chap got now?" Pinhorn wondered.

Then with a sudden shout, "Staines, look at that! By God, the fellow's found it!"

I said, "Lord, it's a sovereign! I haven't seen one since nineteen sixteen."

We were beside Rarai in ten seconds, and he was backing away from us, hiding the bright pendant with one withered hand, and Pinhorn was exclaiming and cursing, and I was persuading, and each of us was talking to the other.

"They always said Cass was crazy about gold—used to stick up island post offices—once got the government wages, going to—"

"But, when they took him and hanged him six days after trial, he couldn't have had a chance to—"

"Always knew it was there, no matter how many silly asses missed—"

"Go on, let's see, or I'll knock your cursed head off your—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PIECES OF GOLD
Continued from page five]

"Easy, easy, Pinhorn, take him quietly. He says he didn't 'find it' anywhere. Says it was lying on the ground just about where we're standing, couple of days ago— Date nineteen eight. Twenty years ago. Year Cass was hanged for murdering two chaps who were alone with him on the— Pin, I begin to understand!"

"What?"

"Well, you see, nobody ever was quite clear as to his motive. They were the only three men on the island at that time, and Cass's wife—he stole her from somebody—way he had—but—"

"What about her? You're all tied up."

"I mean she was the only other person and she tumbled over dead with heart disease in the prison parlor when they were hanging him. So— But I can see now. Remember in the Middle Ages, how they used to kill the slaves who hid away the treasure?"

"Well, I don't care who was killed or why. I reckon we're here to— Come on, let's go over this again."

ALREADY we had quartered the island—it was but a speck in those great seas—and hunted every bit of it, or so we thought. But now, with Rarai's find to guide us, the search was narrowed. Ben Cass's gold lay somewhere on the peak. Somewhere—by a strange caprice of fate—quite near to where he lay himself, guarding in death what he had paid for with his life and the lives of others.

The top of the peak seemed hopeless; Bowling, like Michaelmas, was volcanic in origin, and its summit, almost bare of vegetation, flung itself heavenward in black pillars of basalt, regular, hard as iron. Then came a slope of grass, a mere skin on the surface of the rocks. Ben Cass's grave, just below, had been scratched in shallow soil full of stones. Not far from that pathetic unmarked mound was the plateau on which Rarai had found his coin lying in a small crack of the earth. There was hardly any soil on the plateau; our task was bound to be easy.

So we thought as we fell upon it with pick and shovel. So we did not think, four hours later, when, tired, hungry, and dispirited, we gave up the job.

We went down to our tent together, Rarai following after. Round his neck dangled, bright in the last rays of the sun, the significant gold piece.

It was good down there in the hollow behind the beach, where Ben Cass's house had stood, where now we had pitched our tent. No one owned the island now, if not we, who had taken a lease of it. And there was nobody to order us about; no work to do save what we chose. Life as a man best likes to live it—but for one thing:

There was no woman there.

I said as much to Pinhorn when we had had supper and were lying stretched out on the warm sand. Pinhorn said, "There's some pretty girls on Mangrove, across the strait." And he passed his hand through his hair, as if he was feeling how thick and wavy it was.

He added, "You'd never believe the prettiest of them all was a great-granddaughter or something of that old image Rarai." Then he chuckled; I suppose he was thinking.

I said, "Everyone to his taste; those greasy natives—Well, what I mean is that if we're going to find the gold, where's our girls to buy things for?" We had talked a lot about what we would do if we got the gold, and one thing settled was that we weren't going to leave Bowling; we would each have a grand house on the island, and live the way a boy thinks he's going to live when he's a man; just a sort of Saturday holiday all the time.

Pinhorn sucked at his cigarette for a moment and then said, "Plenty in Sydney town. You don't think you're going to get women to mix themselves up with this sort of life?"

"Ben Cass did."

It was Pinhorn, the ex-tourist guide, the man to whom cities and lo

"Why, Lord, Ben Cass stole 'em; carried 'em off. The wife he had when he died was somebody else's."

"Well, she loved him enough to drop dead—"

"Heart disease. Why, she didn't even keep the baby they had; sent it away to some sort of kid school in Australia."

"Yes, I remember. They said when Ben was going to be hanged—and he was as cool about it as you or I might have been, starting off somewhere by train—they offered him brandy, but he wouldn't have any. He had a cup of coffee for breakfast, and walked out on to the drop ten minutes after, and all he said was, 'Tell my wife to keep the locket with the kid's hair'; and then, 'Up anchor!' And then they—"

"I don't remember hearing that before."

"What? Up anchor? A bit of theater, I call it, when a man's—"

"No, the other."

Pinhorn took the cigarette out of his mouth and stared at the end of it.

"Well, it was natural enough; they wouldn't let her see him the last day, and I suppose he had some liking for the kid."

"What happened to it?"

"God knows. Shall we turn in?"

PINHORN was out of the tent before I waked up next morning. I heard him shouting out about something by and by.

"What is it?" I called to him where he was standing halfway up the hill. "I suppose the steamer's in." For it was boat day.

He didn't answer, but he pointed to the top of the hill, and there was a woman up by Ben Cass's grave. She was bending over it, looking at something that caught my eye at once, even from the bottom of the hill. A cross. A white marble cross, newly set upon the grave.

rinks and fast motor cars were heaven, who interested Isabel Cass.

When she heard us coming she stood up, and we saw her plainly. She was young, with red hair that shone gold where sun came on it, and red and white in her cheeks, and a look about her that made me think wildly, "Ben Cass's kid, for a ducat!"

"Hair like a bush fire, skin like a girl, and temper like the devil"—that was the way they used to describe Ben.

Pinhorn stared at her and smacked his lips so that I was afraid she'd hear.

MAYBE she did hear; but she faced us, and said, as coolly as if we had just met in somebody's drawing-room, "I'm Isabel Cass. Do you mind giving that stone a good pull? The boys have gone, and I don't think they set it right."

Pinhorn and I got hold of it and nearly pulled it out. It was a plain white cross with just the name on it: BENJAMIN CASS. No date. Of course there wouldn't be.

Pinhorn took command at once. "I'm Charlie Pinhorn," he said, "and this is my friend Dick Staines. We're camping here. I say, that stone wants setting quite differently; the first of the rains would keel it over, unless you put a whole lot underneath. We'll be glad to set it right if you'll let us."

She said, "Thank you. If you would. I came here all the way from Sydney with it. I was twenty-one last month, so I can do what I like now. It ought to have been put here long ago. My father," she said, with a look about her as of a storm coming up over a wild landscape, a sudden glooming and sparkling—"my father wasn't what people dared to say—he was."

We didn't know what to say to that. But of course we knew he had been the reddest of ruffians, murder or none.

She turned her back and went a little way off. We took our picks and dragged out the cross. It had been very carelessly set. Then Pinhorn, before I could do anything, pushed in front of me and scrambled into the open grave. "We'll have to dig down farther," he said, using his shovel.

Almost immediately he began to get mixed up with bits of bones and scraps of coffin wood. "This is ugly," he panted. "Hope she is not looking. Just see."

When I turned my head back again I saw him putting something in his pocket. "Dropped my knife," he explained. "Now I think we've depth enough."

We set the cross, filled and stamped down the grave, and called Isabel Cass.

"That'll stand now," we told her.

She came back again, and stood looking at the grave in silence.

"Thank you," she said at last. "I've kept the launch. I'll go back to Michaelmas now."

We said good-by awkwardly; we were conscious of the coldness in her voice. We hadn't said we believed in her precious father's innocence; we'd only broken our backs fixing up his grave. Women are like that.

WHEN she was gone I tackled Charlie Pinhorn. "Look here," I said, "how does she stand about that gold?"

"She doesn't stand at all. Property of a hanged man goes to the Crown, I believe, and, anyhow, her parents weren't married, so far as anyone knows. Doubly she's out of it. But what a damned fine kid!"

"If we find—"

"I don't believe we shall." He looked away from me as he spoke. There was a tone in his voice that puzzled me.

"Well, I'd go halves with her, at least, if we did. As for George and Mary, twelve thousand miles away, I can't feel they come in."

"No," he said, yawning. "Do you want to work any more?"

"Rather," I told him, taking up my pick. But with every stroke of it I dug up dreams, not gold; discovered lovely girls. Treasure was incidental only—now.

If one had it! If one were secure! To rebuild the old Cass homestead, live here, upon this dream of a South Sea island, with the girl who was Ben Cass's breed, who would take to wild, free island life as a duck takes to water! To know that never, never would one have to go back to the cities and the high stools; that neither need of money nor need of woman would drive one, as with flaming sword, away from this paradise!

Those were my thoughts. But Pinhorn seemed sulky, uninterested. By and by he flung down his pick.

"I'm not going to be a galley slave," he said. "I'm for the tent and a bit of a smoke-oh. You can go chasing after the girl if you like."

He had read my mind. I was only too eager to take Rarai and the canoe and hurry away across the strait to Michaelmas.

And I was right. Talking to her, in Michaelmas's one shabby hotel, I found that she didn't believe in the treasure at all.

I could not agree with her, but I would not argue. I kept my own thoughts. Ben, I was sure, had hidden something away. The evidence at the murder trial pointed to that.

There had been heavy stuff landed secretly from Ben's schooner. He and the two others had been alone on the island save for his wife. He had pitched a tale about their leaving by canoe and getting wrecked. But one of them, it happened, had been the bad boy of the British Resident's family in England, and the Resident (new to his job, and not knowing good luck when he saw it) wanted to know things, asked questions, and finally secured evidence, some of it ghastly enough, that brought Ben to the gallows. Incidentally it set afloat the tale of the treasure.

Isabel, of course, believed none of this, and I was not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PIECES OF GOLD
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inclined to disillusion her. If ever man was hit, bowled over, by the lightning stroke of love, it was I.

She was everything that I had loved and longed for, united in the person of one human being. Like me, she loved the island at first sight. Like me, she fitted into the life as a finger fits a glove.

Yes; but, for all that, it was Pinhorn, the ex-tourist guide, the man to whom cities and cinemas and long drinks and fast motor cars were heaven, who interested Isabel Cass.

I knew it very soon. Pinhorn's fine height and extravagant coloring (he was like a chorus man or a Hollywood actor to look at), Pinhorn's practiced tongue (he had talked one heiress into marrying him, and countless girls into less honorable connection, if you believed half he said)—these things were having weight with Isabel. This being so, and I out in the cold, I couldn't see why he should have taken to drink.

He did, more or less. He neglected the treasure hunt; brought bottles of whisky and cases of beer from Michaelmas, far more than the two of us needed, or anyhow ought to have needed. And when he was not making love to Isabel Cass he was lying half drunk in our tent on Bowling.

I SAID to him, after ten days of this, "Pin, you've got something on your mind." And he said, "This rotten hole" (he had been fonder of it than I was) "is enough to send a fellow mad, and as for the gold, I don't believe there ever was any. I shall go away by the steamer when she comes in," he said. "I'm fed up with it all."

I left him and went out to the windward beach, where I knew I should find old Rarai. I liked Rarai, heaven knows why, and he liked me, and you might say heaven knows why to that again. I'd never done anything to deserve it. Except leave alone his great-granddaughters, the belles of the neighboring island.

There was nothing in the way of island gossip he did not hear. "What's the matter with the other chief?" I asked him, plump and plain.

Quite coolly Rarai answered:

"Him wife come long steamah."

"What!" I didn't doubt it; I knew that Rarai had friends among the native boys at the wireless, over on Michaelmas; if Pin had had a radio, they knew. But, somehow, I had thought his wife was safely dead. Now that I remembered, he had never actually said so.

She must have heard where he was; she must be chasing him. The down boat left Michaelmas a few hours before the up was due. Both would be in next day—and Pinhorn meant to escape by the first.

Did he mean to take Isabel Cass with him? And did he mean to abandon without further effort the treasure search that had brought us to Bowling?

"I can't have her myself," I thought, with a bitter pang, "but if she takes that hound, she'll do it with her eyes open." And back I marched to the tent, meaning to have it out with Pinhorn.

I had been longer away than I thought. He was lying on his bed stupidly drunk. I realized now that he, in his way, was suffering. He could not face his thoughts; they bit and tore like wolves at what was left of his conscience. Only drink could quiet them for a while. So I imagined; but if I felt sympathy, it was short-lived. It lasted no longer than the moment when I saw, dangling out of his open shirt, a small gold locket tied to a string.

Cass had died with the locket round his neck; they hadn't given it to his wife, since she was dead too. It must have been buried with him. Pinhorn had found it that day when we were replacing the cross.

It was clear as day. The locket contained the clue. Cass was no fool. Arrested and condemned all in a few short days, with no chance to speak privately to his wife, he had devised this means of leaving her the secret. Only her own death had spoiled his plan.

I had no scruple about taking the locket from Pinhorn's neck. With my nail I opened it; saw, as I expected, a photograph, long since ruined beyond recognition, and, opposite, a lock of baby hair—gold, with a hint of red.

Under the glass and under the hair someone had scratched with the point of a pin, "6th column top hill."

Sixth column! But the basaltic pillars on the top of the hill were solid as steel, not a scratch on them; you couldn't have moved them without dynamite.

What did I remember? What was it I'd heard, once, about Giant's Causeways and pillars—some of Pinhorn's absurd tourist talk, repeated to make me laugh? Pillars? Causeway?

WELL, if there was anything Pinhorn, ex-guide, did not know about basaltic pillars, it could not be worth knowing. I would wager my life he had got the treasure and meant to take it away.

I stood up straight and looked about me. The sun was low; it made a golden triangle of the doorway of our tent; it fell across the grassy flooring and lighted into prominence a scrap of paper that had fallen from the bed.

"Another clue?" I thought, and picked it up.

It was a note from Isabel, answering one from Pinhorn. It agreed to meet him that night at eleven o'clock, on Michaelmas, at the end of the long beach.

Again I looked at the sun. Low, but there was time.

I was quite cool and collected now. I knew what I had to do.

"First," I thought, "I shall follow up the clue." Somehow I knew that I was not going to fail; that the secret was almost read, the story told. "Then," I said, "I shall go over to Michaelmas, and if she meets him tonight on the beach, she'll know what she is doing."

I climbed the hill, and stood for a minute or two in front of those forbidding basalt columns, so like the famous columns of the Giant's Causeway. It was just below them that the sovereign had been found.

I commanded myself to remember; to go back to the

"IT was not I who kept him," I answered her, and drew wide the door of the tent. She entered, and stood there without a cry.

day when Pinhorn had reeled off his tourist stuff. "What was it he said?" I asked, and immediately, almost, recollection came. I hadn't half listened at the time; but I knew now that he had repeated the "spiel" he gave the trippers, about columns that lifted out like pegs out of spilikin boards; and then a lot of nonsense about the Giant's Grandmother and Finn mac Coul.

I counted six columns from the end. The sixth was octagonal, three feet high or so, and it fitted the next as close as the cells fit each other in a honeycomb. But I got my fingers under it and above it, and I heaved and twisted, and out like a piece of a puzzle it came.

Inside there was a small cave inclosing a natural shelf made by the summits of a row of buried columns. On this shelf stood several of the tiny barrels used for packing anchovies. The tops had been wrenched off quite recently. Every one was full of glittering coin, pieces of gold, bright sovereigns, such as I hadn't seen since the first years of the war.

TIME rolled away, and I was, for the moment, once more a young bank teller in a cage, handling and counting money all day long. The teller's quick powers of reckoning came back; I knew there was something like fifteen thousand pounds in those little barrels, as certainly as if I had counted every coin.

I wanted to handle it; I ached to feel the heavy caress of the coins, and hear the ring, so long forgotten, of real gold. Half of this was mine by rights, if it belonged to anyone. I couldn't bring myself seriously to consider any claims of the Crown.

I had plunged my hands into the nearest of the tiny barrels, and brought them out filled with pieces of gold, when a shadow, falling suddenly into the cave, caused me to start and drop the coins. They fell on the rocky floor. I turned.

Pinhorn, who was standing behind me, burst into a stupid laugh.

"What you lookin' as if you'd seen a ghost for?" he said.

"So you meant to cheat me?" was my answer. I could hardly breathe; the thought that had struck me was more disquieting than any specter. But I did not intend to share it with him.

"Findings, keepings," he said defiantly. "If you hadn't the brains, you'll have to put up with my leavings. You may have the empty barrels. I'm goin' to pack the gold in boxes and ship it as mining specimens. Empty barrels—good enough for you." He was still rather drunk. He eyed me uneasily, wondering, apparently, why I did not try to fight for my share. I had never been slow with my fists before, and Pinhorn knew it.

It was not his state that restrained me; it was something else—the paralyzing thought that had struck me a moment before. A thought that I was not prepared to share with him yet, if at all.

We stood staring at each other within the narrow confines of the cave, hostile and silent, for about as long as it takes for three waves to break upon the shore. Then I remembered that there were other things to think of, more important even than Ben Cass's gold. I couldn't trust myself to speak to him. I knew that he was working off the effects of the drink; that he would take boat and reach Michaelmas, sober enough, sometime in the evening. But I meant to be before him.

I SWUNG round, out of the cave, and left him there, leaning against the little barrels of shining coin that had already cost three men's lives. He was flushed with drink; he seemed half defiant, half puzzled, like a naughty child; and with it all he was the handsomest-looking male thing that ever stole a woman's heart and broke it when it was stolen.

"If she wants him, she can have him," said I to myself. "But she shall know." . . .

I found her in the quiet back veranda of the hotel. She had been in her room; she had been dressing herself in something light and silken; scarlet hibiscus blossoms were hung like lamps before each delicate ear. It seemed to me, when I looked at her, that all the fire of that red ruffian Ben Cass, the flame that had been quenched suddenly on Gallows Hill, was once more alive in Isabel. Where would that dancing flame, that marsh light, lead a girl like her?

I said, without preliminary, "Are you going to meet Pinhorn tonight?"

She did not answer directly. She arranged the red flowers before her ears, looking in a glass that hung on the wall. "How do you like them?" she said, a shade defiantly.

I snatched the right one out and flung it on the floor. "When a girl goes looking for a lover," I said, "she wears one flower only."

Isabel, angry, swung round to face me. "I don't have to look," she spat. "Since you must know, he's taking me —by the boat."

"Which boat?"

"The one that calls tomorrow afternoon."

"And you're meeting him tonight? Why?"

"He has something to tell me and show me, he says."

At this I lost my head. "You think no one matters but him!" I cried. "And you believe every word he says; but I can tell you what it is; he's found—" And there I stopped, mouth gaping. I had suddenly remembered my own discovery, the thing that struck me like a thunderbolt, there in the cave on the top of Bowling Island.

I could not tell Isabel. It was impossible to say, "Your father's gold has been found, and it is false—false coin; he added coining to his other crimes, and killed the men who helped him in the work."

For that was my discovery. You cannot fool a bank teller on the question of false coin. Cass had done the thing well, as he did everything; his fortunes were failing, and he had snatched at this to renew them.

With his swift motor schooner, with the coast of South America not far away, he could have planted all that fifteen thousand in three weeks, and got away safely with the profits.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PIECES OF GOLD
Continued from page nine]

Only—he had been a trifle too efficient in the matter of covering up his traces.

If Isabel knew the whole story, she could never again believe Ben Cass to be the chivalrous hero of her dreams. Pirate—yes; but coiner, cheater, murderer, too! I was not the man to tell her that, even if I suffered by silence.

She turned on me furiously. "Yes!" she cried. "You two have found the fortune that my father hid, and he's going to share it with me! You didn't think of doing that, did you? You were going to keep it all to yourself, weren't you?" She flayed me with her scorn, and I could find no words to answer her.

Then I remembered what had brought me there. "Leave that alone," I said. "One thing you've got to know. Does he say he'll marry you? . . . Yes? I thought so. Well, I may tell you that his wife is coming here by the up boat, the very steamer he said you were to travel on. And as to him—the steamship agent is a friend of mine; I've been to him an hour ago, and he told me that Pinhorn had secretly taken passage by the down boat, the one that leaves at daylight tomorrow morning. How does that go with what he promised?"

Her face turned white as the pretty silken dress she had put on to please her lover. "What do you mean?" she parried. But she knew what I meant, and she believed.

I said, "That's all. Now meet him—on the beach at eleven o'clock—if you like. You know what he is."

"Whatever he is," she called after me, as I left, "he isn't a mean thief." And with that ringing in my ears I went down the road.

"Will she go? Will she go?" I asked myself a thousand times in the sleepless night that followed.

Very early I was up (I had slept in town) and at the jetty, waiting to see the departure of the down steamer. I don't know to this day what I meant to do with Pinhorn; but sometimes, in the dark moments that come to every man, I have guessed.

It does not matter. For he never came.

PUZZLED, distressed, not knowing whether to be relieved or not, I hurried to Bowling as soon as the boat was gone. There was no sign of Pinhorn. Rarai, as I came up, was sitting on the shore, blowing his little melancholy Panpipe. He nodded to me as I came up; he had a tiny bow and arrows beside him. "Some toy for the great-grandchildren," I thought. I knew that in his own queer moonlight way he loved his family.

Pinhorn was in the tent, lying across his bed. It seemed strange that he should be there, sleeping, while the steamer sailed away. "Drunk. Missed the boat," I thought; and other thoughts, nameless and terrible, fluttered about me like a flock of evil birds. Then I saw that his eyes were half open and across the dull blue balls a fly was creeping. I watched it, horrified; and as I watched I knew that Pinhorn, false friend and faithless lover, would never wake again.

I touched the body; found it cold and rigid. "He has been dead all night," I thought.

I saw beside him a tiny arrow that had glanced across his bare arm as he rested, and fallen unnoticed to the floor.

It was the same as the arrows that lay at that moment beside little old Rarai on the beach.

"Rarai's great-granddaughter," I thought. "The prettiest girl on Mangrove. Well, she's avenged." I set a match to the arrow and burned it where it lay.

Few people, save the very oldest, knew of this arrow poison, and its effects could not be told from disease of the heart. Rarai was safe.

In the doorway of the tent he stood, smiling as usual. "Girl come," he announced, and pointed to the sea.

"She would!" I cried. "Well, it only wanted that!"

It seemed to me I had borne so much that nothing more could hurt me. I was wrong.

Isabel, in the white frock that she had worn all night—Isabel, with the faded hibiscus flowers still drooping from her hair—came up to me swift-footed. "Where is he? Why did you keep him?" she hurled at me.

"It was not I who kept him," I answered her, and drew wide the door of the tent.

She entered, and stood there without a cry. She was Ben Cass's daughter; child of the man who had gone laughing to his death. I knew that there would be no wailing, no hysterical scene. But I could not bear to see her white, still agony. I left her, and went up to the top of the island, driven by the Furies of my thoughts.

There I found the column set back into place, the secret chamber undisturbed. Pinhorn had not had time to carry his booty away.

I opened the cave and went in. "These barrels will roll," I thought. "I'll head them up, and send them down into the sea tonight. Of course I shall always be a thief where she's concerned. But I can stand that."

When I returned she was gone. And although she had not cried, I'm not ashamed to say that I sat down on the ground, in the midst of the wreck of friendship, love, and hope, and wept as a man, once in his life, may weep.

AFTER I had rolled the barrels down into the sea—which I did as soon as darkness fell—I felt happier. I had sacrificed something for Isabel's sake. She would continue to think me a thief but she would never lose the cherished dream of her father. Always Ben Cass would be the hero she had thought him. Always the white cross would stand upon his lonely grave, mutely speaking his daughter's love. I had buried the evidence of his crime.

So I was thinking, a little light-headed perhaps with my second sleepless night, when another idea came winging from God knows where, and shook me through and through.

Ben Cass had done a fine bit of coining. Only an expert like myself would have known, by the feel and the ring, that the sovereigns were not perfect. Coining of such quality couldn't be done without a fair mixture of real gold. Where was that gold? and where was the apparatus?

"Pinhorn," I said, "you weren't clever enough, but you showed the way." Up I went again to the top of the hill. And inside the cave, as I had thought, there was another pillar that lifted out. And behind it lay a whole coiner's outfit—dies, crucibles, presses, pigs of metal. Some of the metal was base (I don't know to this day what alloy Ben had discovered; it was, however, so good that the knowledge is better lost), but some of it—

Well, there was no mistake this time. Bars of gold, heavy, small, and dull—the real thing at last! I counted them, weighed them in my hand. I reckoned the value at about two thousand pounds.

"And a man and his wife—if he ever had one," I thought, "could make a good start on that in the islands. The islands—where appearances don't matter. The islands—where you are allowed to be happy without being rich. God bless the islands," I said; "they'll see another and a better Ben sail into Bowling harbor—some day."

Well, perhaps they will. For I married Isabel Cass. I always knew I should in the end.

On the day when I told her about the bars of gold, and showed her the hiding place where they lay, she looked at me curiously. "Why did you never tell me about it before?" she asked. And I answered her, "That, my dear, I'll never say."

There was silence between us for a moment; then I said, "Isabel—"

"Well?"

"What was it brought you to Bowling on the day he died?"

She said, with an obstinate lip, "Make what you please of it."

Again for a little we were silent, and then I spoke:

"We'll agree to trust each other. What do you say?"

"My hand on that," said Ben Cass's daughter, and struck it into mine.

THE END

LOWELL THOMAS

Comes to

LIBERTY

with the

APOLLOS of the BEACH

First of a New Series of Hair-Raising Articles on

Reckless Lives

Acme photo

(Reading time: 12 minutes 10 seconds.)

THOSE bronzed fellows you see on the beaches with "Life Guard" lettered on the jerseys stretched across their deep chests will tell you, every one of them, that they have never been in real danger of drowning.

"Pulling 'em out is just the day's work," they'll say. "We're not in any danger. If a man knows his business—"

But that isn't true. Every time a life guard jumps in to rescue a person frantically fighting for life, he is facing death. And deep in his heart he knows it.

"I myself am a coward," said Captain Charles Scully, the dean of the country's life guards. "I have never made a rescue, except the simple routine ones, that the bottom of my stomach didn't fall out. It's been my safety valve. It's made me stop and think. The man who's a little afraid makes the best life guard.

"I go cold to this day every time I think of the time when I forgot to be afraid—when I tried too hard. It was when I was trying to rescue my own brother. He was a husky fellow, but not much of a swimmer. We were camping beside a small river, and he made up his mind he could swim across it if I could. But he got winded and lost his head about halfway across.

"I started after him. Then I saw him floundering and kicking and choking his way to a canoe not far away. In that canoe were my youngest brother, about six years old, and another little boy who couldn't swim a stroke!

"All that I ever knew about approaching a drowning person went out of my head. I put everything I had into the spurt I made for him. I grabbed him when he was only a few feet from the canoe. He'd have flipped it over if he'd got his hands on it. What a fight we had! At last I twisted him around and forced him under the water. He fought like a wild tiger until we both sank clean to the bottom.

"I knew I could hold my breath for three minutes or so, and I knew the water he was swallowing was weakening him. Finally I had to go up for air. He came up right after me. But he was only half conscious. The fight was out of him. I got him ashore without any trouble. I'd kept him away from the canoe—but being too anxious nearly cost his life and mine, my little brother's, and the other boy's."

Captain Scully now is director of life-saving for the Red Cross.

"As a matter of fact, it's panic, fright, that's re-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU have heard the familiar voice of Lowell Thomas on the air. You may also have read some, at least, of his absorbing books, full of real-life adventure—such books as With Lawrence in Arabia, The First World Flight, and Beyond the Khyber Pass. As everyone knows, this prince of reporters lives many of the stories he tells. He now becomes a regular contributor to these pages.

Continued from page eleven

sponsible for more deaths by drowning than anything else," he went on. "There was one other time when it nearly did for me. Although this time I wasn't the one that was panicky. I was a guard at Sheepshead Bay. I saw two girls in a boat about forty feet offshore. One fell overboard. She couldn't swim.

"She went under and came up choking. It was a simple, ordinary case. I had her easily, holding her up by the chin with her back to me. Everything would have been all right; but the other girl lost her head, and in she jumped. She grabbed the girl I was holding before I ever saw her. Had her in a strangle lock. It was still a simple case. Keeping hold of the first girl, I put my feet on the second girl's shoulders. One good push and they'd broken apart.

"When this second girl came up I caught her under the chin before she knew where she was, and started swimming on my back to the boat. Then suddenly I choked. My wind was absolutely shut off. Two other arms had clamped themselves around my throat! A third girl had swum out from shore to help, and was in danger of drowning herself.

"I was getting tired by then. As I struggled to get my throat free one of the other girls got away from me, sank down, and next thing I knew she had a hammer lock on my legs. I had to let go of the third girl to free my hands, but she was too quick for me. She was under my arms in a second and was clinging to my chest, making it almost impossible for me to breathe. Down we sank. I couldn't move a single one of those six arms! The more I tore at them the tighter they held me.

"I felt myself going. And I did go out. My associates saw what was happening. They got to us in a lifeboat and pulled us ashore. All four of us were unconscious; and they had to work a long time to bring us to."

"Then, so far as you were concerned, so far as your conscious mind went," I remarked, "you had drowned. What does it feel like to drown?"

"I can tell you that," he replied. "I think I know. I've been through it four times, and the sensations were practically identical each time. Two things are at war in you. There's the desperate desire to save yourself. And almost as strong is the desire to go peacefully to sleep. Gradually this second feeling overpowers the other one. You're not unconscious, yet not conscious. A feeling of being suspended in a void, in space.

"And it *is* true that past events come back to you. Clear, sharp pictures. And trivial things that happened years ago come back."

Other guards have told me much the same thing.

FRANK CRENNEN, one of the leading experts in starting the lungs to work after they've stopped, told me that he usually expected to work one hour for every minute a person had been submerged.

"When a doctor tells me a man is gone," said Crennen, "I always say, 'Well, if he's dead I can't do him any harm.'

"We worked on a fellow once for seven hours. It was four before we got any signs of life at all. Four doctors had pronounced him dead.

"The first sign that he was coming back was queer. Beginning at the middle of his forehead, a strip of white began to come out in his hair, and it crept back to the base of his skull. It was an uncanny thing to watch. But it convinced me that there must be life in him. There was.

"The thanks he gave me for it? He threatened to have me fired for tearing his five-dollar bathing suit!

"Saving these people is your job. You don't expect or want anything for it. But you'd be surprised how often you don't get so much as a 'Thank you.'

"For instance, I was stationed near the Rockefeller Institute on the East River. A man had fallen in. I got there just after the splash. I saw that the current had carried him, probably, right under two barges that were lashed together. Diving down under those barges is a ticklish job. Their bottoms are coated with barnacles and the current and suction are likely to plaster you fast to them—and keep you there.

"But I went in. It was black as pitch under there. I had to feel my way along. I found the man I was after. His body was stuck fast to the barnacles on the bottom of the barge. Luckily, he wasn't completely out—and he kept his head. I managed to get him loose. Then he did go out.

"I started back toward the stern where I'd come from—as well as I could estimate where it was. I don't know how I ever made it. But we got out. My bathing suit had been half torn off by the barnacles, and my back was spurting blood.

"Well, the chap I'd pulled out was in pretty bad shape. We worked over him for nearly three hours. And when he finally came around, his wife gave us hell for not getting the water out of his ears!"

"I'VE never been really scared, but I don't like to work at night," one bronzed young fellow told me. "It's no more dangerous at night. Maybe I don't like it because of one of the first cases I ever had.

"We'd been out in a motor boat, six of us. A storm came up when we were about two hundred yards from shore. All the others could swim except one girl—and she was the one I'd been playing around with that summer. A darned sweet kid.

"The rain came down in sheets. And every once in a while the lightning nearly blinded you. She was sitting beside me hanging on to my arm. Then the boat ran smack into something—and we were all in the water. I looked around. I couldn't see anything. I had no idea where my girl friend was. She couldn't swim and was scared blue of the water. I kept yelling at her, but the storm made so much noise I couldn't hear anything.

"Then a flash of lightning came. I thought I saw her. I started for her. Another flash—yes, I did see her. She was just sinking when it got black again. I made a surface dive and swam down in the direction I'd last seen her. My hands struck her legs. They slipped through my fingers. She was rising to the surface. I let her go, and went up myself. I struck out toward her, and when the lightning flashed again she was at least fifteen yards from the spot she must have come up.

"I kept after her, guided by the lightning flashes, and both of us seemed to start in a circle. I knew what it was—a whirlpool. I managed to cut through it and grab her just as she was sinking again. But by now we were going round like the devil. Round and down!

"There's only one chance to get out of those things. If you can make a diagonal dive and keep horizontal, the whirling motion may throw you out into the clear.

"I held the girl under my left arm and kicked and heaved until I finally got my feet above my head. Suddenly I realized the water wasn't carrying us around any more. I banged my foot on something. Thank God, it was the bottom. I braced my feet on it and gave a push up.

"When I got my head out I still couldn't see anything. I was dizzy from whirling around. I kept her head out of water and prayed for the lightning to flash. It did in a second. I saw the shore about fifty yards away. I swam for it as hard as I could. When I got her ashore, I started work, this artificial-breathing thing. I didn't know where the others were. I yelled at the top of my lungs. I knew I couldn't keep the artificial breathing up long enough if she was very far gone. And I didn't dare leave her to go for help. After about an hour I thought my back would break. But I made up my mind I'd bring her to if it was humanly possible.

"The rain kept beating down on us. It kept me from fainting—until I did. When I came to, it was about four o'clock in the morning. It was light. The storm had stopped. And I was lying there in the sand beside

Ewing Galloway photo

These Apollos of the beaches earn such glory as they get. Here is one of them in the act of effecting a rescue.

her. She was dead. I'd failed! I was too weak even to get up. I just lay there, crying like a baby.

"I try to duck night jobs now, whenever I can."

Seaweed is one of the greatest hazards. There are kinds that seem to lurk like live things on the bottom.

"I'm a cabin steward during the winter," a guard told me. "And we were out fishing off a little port in Central America. One of the boys took a dive in—and he just didn't come up. I suddenly realized that there probably was seaweed down there.

"I took my knife between my teeth and dove. Yes, there was seaweed. Before I could get my bearings I felt something slip around my legs, tighter and tighter. Then something else went around my waist. I cut at them with my knife. But they kept coming. The offshore undertow was sucking me right into them.

"Instead of fighting the undertow as I had been, I went with it, still slashing, kicking with my one free leg. Then there was a jerk on my other leg that seemed to be pulling it out of its socket, but I was free.

"When I came up I was nearly out. They finally had to get a diver to go down and dig out the body of the poor lad I'd tried to save."

THIS fellow told me that he had learned life-saving and first aid as a Boy Scout. One of the most stirring and touching epics of courage and heroism I ever heard of took place at one of the camps of these young future life guards down in Tennessee. About twenty of them with two leaders were camped in a cabin not far from a small river. The river had never reached flood proportions before, but this time it did. And the cabin was swept away.

"It was about five o'clock in the morning," said Willie Evans, seventeen years old. "Jim—he was our scoutmaster—told us to get up and dress as quickly as we could; the creek was up. I pulled on my shoes, told my brother to hurry, and rushed to the porch.

"The bridge tore loose. The bungalow moved a little. Then Jim told us to take off our shoes. I'd just got mine off when the bungalow tore loose. Jim then told us to lie down. I lay down and grabbed my brother. The bungalow was rearing and jumping while it was going down the stream, and with every jump it was breaking up.

"I was holding my brother when I heard Jack Hamby scream for help. I turned to see him fall in the water between two pieces of the bungalow. I saw him going down, and I jumped in after him. I saw his head go under, and thrust my hand into the water and caught him by the hair, pulled him up and got hold of his arm, then climbed back up, pulling him with me.

"I GOT back on top and had him where his waist was level with the top when two pieces of the bungalow came almost together. I thought he would be cut in two. Ted Derrick then grabbed him by the other hand and together we pulled him out. I asked Jack Hamby if he was smacked up very bad, and he said, 'No.' But his finger was cut off. I then heard Ted holler for me to come and help him. He was holding my brother, who had fallen off and was caught by something under the water. We both pulled with all our might. And Tom looked up at us. He said, 'My leg is hung.' Just then whatever was holding him let go and we pulled him up. His hip was out of place and his leg was broken.

"I lay down, holding him in my arms. When the piece of wood hit the trees on the bank it immediately broke up. It gave us very little time to climb the trees. I cried for the other boys to help. But they didn't hear. Only three of us got into the tree. Then the tree washed up. And again I was left with Tom in the roaring water.

"Here we all got separated and only Tom and I got into a big white-oak tree. I carried him up about ten feet above the water and set him on a limb, and I stood on this limb, holding him. We stayed with this tree until it went under water. I turned, caught Tom and held him just as he let go of the limb and was going under water. I then made back for the tree which a few seconds before had been in reach. I caught the tree—but I had a lifeless form in my arms.

"I set him between three limbs of the tree. That's where they found us."

Another article in this series on Reckless Lives by Lowell Thomas will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

BEYOND

Flirtation with Death—Cadence ver
One Good Fi

By RE

(Reading time: 27 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and danger. Georges Larue was a New York importer, flying enthusiast, and owner of several planes. Casey Haddon, wizard flyer, became Larue's pilot and flying instructor to Cadence Drew, Larue's tempestuous fiancée. Mrs. Drew, Cadence's synthetically young grandmother, having become air-minded, went up with Larue in his new Fokker. In taking off he dropped a wheel, which would make landing perilous. Haddon and the pilot, Quillan, roared after the Fokker in a smaller plane and Cadence saw Haddon ready to "swap ships."

PART THREE—MYSTERIOUS MOTIVES

INVOLUNTARILY Cadence closed her eyes. And what if Haddon did manage to leap aboard the Fokker? It was a closed job. Then she remembered that hatchway leading from the storage compartment of the Blue Bird and her eyes flew open; she clutched at her bosom. Good old Casey! He used his head.

Haddon had worked his way well out upon the wing and Joe Quillan was easing the Bellanca closer to its huge companion. Suppose one plane or the other hit an air pocket or an updraft? No ship flies steadily. How could Casey hold his footing?

Already the news that something was amiss had spread, and every human being on or around Roosevelt Field was in the open, head back, face uplifted.

The two cruising ships drew together until only yards, then feet, separated their stiff wings. Cadence heard herself sobbing. If those wing tips did more than touch—

A shout, a roar, issued from the throats of the crowd when it saw the shirt-sleeved wing walker step across a three-foot gap to the Fokker. The Bellanca suddenly shot upward, swallowlike, then fell off into a drunken spiral. It came out of a thousand-foot spin, then looped and tum-

CONTROL

...usey—The Thrill of Taking Risks—
...serves Another

EACH

IT was a breathless, hair-raising maneuver, and not one aviator in a hundred would have attempted it.

bled insanely as its triumphant pilot paid his respects to Haddon.

Quillan brought it to earth, taxied up to the line, and leaped out, his face one enormous grin. The crowd cheered. Cadence ran to him and gave him a salty kiss. She was quite hysterical now; she sobbed and chattered until she heard again the strident alarm of that ambulance gong, and saw the Blue Bird heading in low over the fence at the end of the field.

Hand in hand, she and Quillan raced in that direction and the crowd came pelting after them.

Mrs. Holcombe Drew had assured herself more than once during her flight that she was behaving very well. Once, when a man in shirt sleeves brushed past her shoulder, she started. She wondered where on earth he could have come from. He was a rugged, competent-looking person, and reason told her he must be the engineer of the Blue Bird. Presumably he had left his post and come forward for a breath of air. She was a little breathless when the ship stopped and its motors ceased their deafening clamor.

FINDING that she could hear herself think at last, she managed to gasp, "Well! I—I like coming down a lot better than going up."

"Are you all right, Pretty Pet?" Larue inquired. The engineer had turned in his seat and was staring at her, a queer smile upon his lips. Mrs. Drew straightened her hat: with light fingers she preened herself.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[Continued from page fifteen]

"Of course I'm all right. And a million thanks, Georges. It's a darling ship and I enjoyed every minute."

She wondered what ailed the two men, and why so many people were approaching across the field. Also what had happened to give Cadence the boohoos.

Not until her granddaughter had finally dried her eyes and Georges Larue had hugged her nearly black and blue, did Mrs. Drew find out what had happened: that it was Casey Haddon who had walked the wing of his Bellanca—

"Casey Haddon!" Pretty Pet exclaimed. "Oh, my goodness!" She extended her hands to the man in shirt sleeves and he took them in his; he grinned down at her. "Were we in danger? Really?" He nodded. "So you started right in by saving my life. How characteristic!"

"Nonsense!"

MRS. DREW rose on her tiptoes and kissed him. To Larue she said, "Now you be a hero, Georges, and get me a drink. I think I need it."

She tucked her hand into the crook of Haddon's arm and together they passed through the crowd into Georges' hangar.

As Cadence drove her grandmother into town, the latter said, "He's simply gorgeous, my dear! He's my type exactly."

"Still talking about Casey Haddon, I presume."

"Of course. I don't remember meeting anybody else." Mrs. Drew uttered a sigh of ecstasy. "We're going to the Garden tonight to see Jim Londos. He's as crazy about wrestling as I am."

"Did he ask you, or did you ask—"

"Young woman, suppose you mind your own business for a change," said Mrs. Drew. "I won't be home until late."

. . . . .

"I've got a job for you," Larue told his pilot one day, perhaps a week later. "Cadence wants some experience in cross-country flying—"

"Stake me to her grandmother," Casey urged with a grin. "She's aces."

"—and in map reading, too. She still has some hours to put in, you know. She can't go alone. I'm not going to send her off with some Romeo."

"Why not? There's plenty for me to do right here if this endurance flight is on the level."

"On the level?" Larue lifted his brows.

"Sure! You act as if we were preparing for a straw ride. The ship isn't right by a long ways, and that port motor is a democrat. Then there's the matter of a crew—"

"I'll select the crew."

There was a pause. "Don't you think you'd better leave that to me?"

"Why?"

"If I'm going to pilot her—"

"I'm going to act as copilot."

"Oh!" Again there was a brief silence. "I thought perhaps you'd prefer merely to finance the attempt. You know what a flight of this sort means as well as I do. If you're going, it's all the more reason for me to put the Blue Bird in shape. You're a rich man. It seems rather foolish for you to—"

"My dear Casey, I've always intended to make the flight. Jules Devereaux is a splendid navigator and I have my eye on a radio man."

"That's oke with me, chief. You're paying the bills. But we can't risk dropping another wheel."

Larue laughed. "All right! All right! You're on a wire edge already. It will do you good to make a trip with Cadence."

The pilot shrugged.

"YOU promised to see that no harm befell me. What would he say if you left me to fly over there alone?"

"She wants to make Bar Harbor the first day—friends there—then circle the Maritime Provinces. Better look up the landing fields."

Again Haddon expostulated, in spite of the fact that he detected a shadow of annoyance upon his employer's face. "Why tackle that country, chief? The Middle West is safer. We can count on weather—"

"For one reason, Cadence's friends don't happen to be spending the summer in Kansas or Nebraska. For another, it's her ship and her trip. Will you go or won't you?"

"Certainly I'll go. I take castor oil when I have to."

"Fine! Don't forget your dinner jacket. There's no telling where she'll put up."

CASEY HADDON felt a growing suspicion that Larue was not treating him with entire honesty and frankness. Georges was something more than a mere amateur sportsman of large means; he was also a clever and a successful business man, an organizer, an executive of unusual ability. Only in matters that related to Cadence Drew was he the extravagant, reckless, boyish person he had appeared to be in Quebec when the two men had first met. About her he was quite mad and he made no secret of that fact. She could do anything with him; her slightest wish was his law.

Yet Larue could be as hard as iron. Casey had come to believe that his hobbies were under control and that he indulged himself in none that were not profitable either directly or indirectly. This it was that had set the pilot to asking questions of himself.

In what manner, for instance, could this endurance flight profit Georges? Here was something Casey could not for the life of him make out. Again, why this inde-

finable atmosphere of—of secrecy?

Although it irked Haddon to feel that his employer did not trust him implicitly, candor compelled him to admit that there was a certain justification for this. After all, he was on probation; his record wasn't so good.

The pilot shrugged. Sure he'd chauffeur Miss Drew wherever she wanted to go, and he'd see that nothing happened to her. He wondered if the moths had held a barbecue in his dinner jacket.

Fortunately they had not done so. He packed his suitcase with more than usual care, and even considered purchasing a spiffy sport suit in the girl's honor—Norfolk jacket and knickers. But habit and superstition deterred him. On the morning of their departure he showed up as usual in the business suit and the worn leather coat he always affected. He would have been afraid to fly in any other. Inasmuch as the weather was cool and they might rise to a considerable altitude, he supplied himself with a muffler consisting of some cotton waste. Cadence smiled when she saw him button it inside his coat collar. That Haddon neckpiece was famous, and according to reports it was the only protection he ever allowed himself.

But, however careless he was about his own person, he was exacting about the ships he flew. In spite of the fact that the mechanics pronounced Miss Drew's plane in perfect order, he spent a final hour in going over every inch of it. When the owner finally took it off she had the comfortable assurance that it was tuned up to concert pitch and groomed as carefully as a race horse.

THEY lunched in Boston, gassed up, and landed at Bar Harbor early in the afternoon. The day had been perfect, and Cadence was delighted with her trip.

She had brought several evening dresses with her, and Haddon eyed her appreciatively as she passed through the hotel lobby that evening on her way to dinner. When she beheld him her eyes brightened and she said, "Why, Casey! I've never seen you like this. How magnificent!"

"You've taken the words out of my mouth. You're—beautiful."

"Do you realize that's the first compliment you ever paid me?" She smiled at him mischievously and went on, "Inasmuch as we're on a picnic, let's forget our old hate and dine together."

Miss Drew could be delightful at any time and tonight she was in the best of spirits. Moreover, it pleased her to pique the curiosity of some people she knew by devoting her attention exclusively to her escort, and when several came over to her table she introduced him only as "Mr. Haddon." She even went so far as to dance with him, not once but repeatedly.

They dined leisurely, they took a stroll, then Cadence suggested that they go to her room, study their maps,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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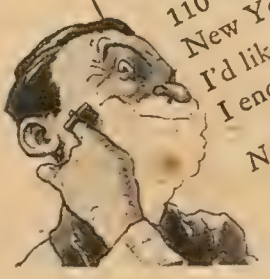

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and discuss landing fields. She laughed at his confusion, then assured him that he was quite safe, inasmuch as she had a suite. Silently he followed her indoors. They spent a half hour "ground flying," at the end of which Cadence inquired, "Have you ever been to Newfoundland?"

"Several times," he told her.

"It's a bad country to fly over, isn't it?"

"The worst I ever saw—that is, with wheels under you. It's safe enough for a seaplane. The island is one third water, you know."

"Suppose something should happen to the Blue Bird on your way across. Where would you set her down?"

The pilot shrugged. "I don't know. There's a beach at Stephenville on the western end of the island, a field at St. John's, and of course at Harbor Grace." He pointed these places out on the map.

"That's where you're going to leave from, isn't it—Harbor Grace?"

"According to Georges. If I had my way, I'd kick off from New York, but—I'm not even sure I'm going to pilot the ship."

Cadence was surprised at this, and Casey wondered why. She proceeded to question him closely and revealed the fact that she knew less than nothing about the proposed assault upon the record. He somehow got the impression that Miss Drew had devoted this evening to him, had asked him up here to her rooms, for the express purpose of sounding him out and learning the truth about that trip.

"Have you ever been—here?" Cadence laid the tip of a rosy fingernail upon the island of St. Pierre.

He shook his head.

"Is it possible to land a ship there?"

"It's possible to get down almost anywhere. It isn't always easy to get up again."

"Let's go."

"To St. Pierre? Quit your kidding."

"I'm in earnest. For the first time I'm seeing the world under my own steam. Travel is so broadening."

"So flattening, too. You'd look sweet in bed with a room full of flowers, but there's nothing nice about a guy in a wheel chair with a week's beard on his chin."

"And you flew over the German lines!"

"Not for six hundred a month. I flew for glory then. Nowadays I pick my landings. That's why I can still bend my legs."

"Think of the good French brandy at St. Pierre. Wine with dinner, too."

"I'm a dry."

THE girl laughed. "That's how you met Georges in Quebec, isn't it? What was he doing up there?"

"Studying prohibition. Buying a race horse. Singing quartets." It was Haddon's turn to smile.

Cadence regarded him with a quizzical expression the significance of which he could not read. In spite of his suspicions that she was pumping him, he was not insensible to her charms. She was an intoxicating person indeed and better calculated to upset a man's balance than those whirling devices used to test the equilibrium of student flyers.

"Why do you drink?" she inquired. Then, after a pause, "I could never marry a man who let liquor get the best of him."

"You haven't been asked," he reminded her.

Without heeding him she continued, "It's too bad! A man with your capabilities! Promise you'll behave in St. Pierre."

"Behave yourself. Right now. We're not going to St. Pierre."

"I'm going. Better come along."

"Are you serious about this?"

"Never more so."

"Why, it would mean my job. I promised Georges—"

The girl interrupted crisply:

"You promised to see that no harm befell me. Georges put you under my orders. What would he say if you left me to fly over there alone? I have business in St. Pierre—"

"What business?"

"I want to buy a new hat. No—some perfume."

Casey uttered an explosive sound. "You're just contrary."

"Then call it a girlish fancy."

"I've taken a girlish fancy myself," said he, "to give you a damned good spanking."

"Imagine me sitting on one hip all day tomorrow," she said with a smile.

"I'd blister 'em both."

"*Mister Haddon!*" Cadence widened her eyes in mock astonishment. "Save that for Pretty Pet. She'd love to suffer at your hands. I believe I'll wire her, 'Casey threatens violence. Advise.' She'll probably answer, 'Resist until I arrive. Leaving first train.'"

"I don't think that's so funny," the man grumbled.

"Um-m. Perhaps not. But I like it. I laugh at all my own jokes. We'll leave at eight."

ARGUMENT failed to budge the girl, and Casey went to his room finally to pray for wind, rain, fog, anything.

The prayers of the wicked, we are told, are unavailing. The next day was ideal and the flyers left at the appointed hour. The Bay of Fundy, often so stormy, was placid, and the sun sheeted it with glittering silver. The lush green fields of the Annapolis Valley, land of Evangeline, were friendly, and farther on rolling hillside pastures afforded possible landing places for a small ship like theirs. They looked inviting from the air, but Haddon realized how deceitful they might prove to be, and he never relaxed his watchfulness. As they became more scarce he directed his companion to fly higher. At intervals he took the stick, mapping the country meanwhile in his memory.

The island of St. Pierre looked rugged and uninviting when they finally raised it.

Casey had been flying at seven thousand feet. He came down in a wide spiral, studying the terrain beneath him. It was bare, it was wrinkled and pitted, it stood on end. There were several lakes and ponds, some perched high up on the hills; a road led out from the town, which he decided would serve to land upon if nothing better offered. Then his quick eye detected a football field. Fine. This was better than he had expected.

The town itself looked very drab; its houses, unpainted for the most part, were of a color to match the weather-beaten mountain slope against which it lay, and even some of the rum boats at dock in the harbor were painted an inconspicuous gray. Dropping lower, Haddon circled the town, whereupon people poured out into the streets and thronged the narrow open space on the water front which served as a public square, their excitement giving evidence that an airplane, at least one of the land type, was something of a curiosity.

Cadence assumed that her pilot would make use of the football field and so did the citizens. They began to hurry in that direction, whereupon Haddon surprised both her and them by swooping low over the inner harbor, cutting his motor, and sideslipping neatly over the wireless masts of rum smugglers. It was a breathless, hair-raising maneuver, and not one aviator in a hundred would have attempted it. Before the astonished observers realized what was intended, the plane was actually settling into the so-called square, in effect the main street of the town. They scattered, shouting, the ship touched, it rolled perhaps half a block, and came to a stop directly in front of the governor's residence.

Haddon pushed back his helmet and smiled grimly at

his passenger. Her eyes were blazing as she said:

"Of all the insane antics! You frightened these people to death. And me, too."

"Best place I could see to set her down."

"Nonsense! That was foolhardy! The wildest thing—"

"When you're showing off," he told her with a curl of his lips, "give the suckers a real treat."

Through the rapidly growing crowd a gendarme forced his way. In broken English he told Casey that he could not land a ship of the air in this so public place. The environment was reserved to other uses.

"Sorry, brother, but there she is," Haddon growled.

Briefly the two argued, each resentful of the other's tone. The policeman was pompous; he considered that the peace and dignity of the city had been disturbed and that the safety of her citizens had been endangered. The ship could not remain here. It must be taken away. Instantly.

When Casey turned his back the man plucked at him, whereupon he saw red. Seizing the officer, he lifted him and flung him into the forward cockpit. He snatched off his own leather helmet and crushed it down upon the fellow's head, then in a voice that snapped he cried:

"O. K. with me. She's all yours. Take her away."

A roar of laughter came from the crowd; it quite drowned Cadence's protest. Doubtless the outraged policeman would have made the force of the law felt had not the governor appeared at that moment. Miss Drew introduced herself, and the official immediately ordered the policemen—there were now three on the scene—to wheel the airship into a position of safety and to give it their protection; then he presented the leading citizens, their wives, and their families.

When the impromptu welcome threatened to become a reception, a levee, he adjourned it to his house, where refreshments were served.

So engaging did Miss Drew prove to be that a dozen hospitable citizens invited her to spend the night in their homes, but she declined, and finally established herself in a quaint little place, half hotel and half boarding house. Casey was so angry at her that he refused to share the same roof, so he found lodgings elsewhere.

II

ST. PIERRE is an interesting little place, but by the time a late twilight fell Casey Haddon had seen it all. He had visited the shops, the liquor-importing headquarters, the church, and the cemetery. He had been driven to the lighthouse and to the ice plant. He had been aboard a rumrunner. While so engaged he had seen Cadence out driving with the governor, and later, during the evening, he heard she was attending a dance.

The pilot was glad he had not been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

After a hot, dirty train ride

TAKE A BATH FROM THE BOTTLE

REFRESHES

COOLS

DEODORIZES

Tuck a bottle of Listerine in your hand bag when you travel. You'll be glad you did before the trip is over. With no other aid than Listerine, you can be fresh, dainty, and clean. Here are a few of Listerine's good points.

When you are hot and dusty, and a bath isn't convenient on the train, or can't be had at a crowded hotel, a rub-down with Listerine is the next best thing. It cleanses the skin, relaxes tired muscles, and refreshes you surprisingly. And, best of all, removes perspiration and other body odors. Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

Other toilet uses

Diluted three to one with water, Listerine makes an excellent eye wash.

A little of it used in connection with the shampoo cools and cleanses the scalp, and "sets" the hair.

Makes breath sweet

Employed as a mouth wash, Listerine cleanses the mouth, gets rid of unpleasant taste, and leaves your breath sweet and wholesome. It is the sure remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Lastly, should an accident occur while traveling, Listerine used full strength will combat infection until you can get medical attention. Because Listerine, while safe and pleasant to use, kills germs in the fastest time.

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LISTERINE CHECKS **BODY ODORS** ENDS HALITOSIS

[BEYOND CONTROL
Continued from page nineteen]

asked, for his and Cadence's truce was ended. Her behavior today was proof positive that she had made a deliberate effort to be nice to him on the evening before, and he resented her deceit. He was off her for life.

There was a bar at the Hotel Robert where he had put up, and it was liberally patronized by the men from the rum boats. Haddon irritably refused a dozen invitations to drink and finally went up to his room and flung himself into his bed. He could not sleep, however. The smell of that liquor remained in his nostrils and the bursts of laughter from below caused him to roll and to sigh.

He was up in time to go over Cadence's ship and have its tanks filled before breakfast. Another lovely day had dawned and he was eager to be gone, so after a while he decided to stir up his passenger.

Cadence's lodging place faced the square, and he entered it to find himself in a room which appeared to serve as office, lobby, café, and barber shop. The proprietor told him that Miss Drew was still resting.

Casey insisted upon seeing her.

After an interval he was directed to go upstairs, and in answer to his knock a sleepy voice invited him to enter. Cadence was in bed, and very ravishing she looked as she stretched herself languidly. "Good morning, Paul Revere. Why the midnight alarm?" she yawned.

Haddon touched his forehead and announced: "The car is waiting. Has madame any orders?"

Cadence's eyes opened wider. "Still spitting venom, eh? Well, snake-bite, how did you get our ship out of the street?"

"I haven't moved it."

"Then, what the dickens! You can't take off from there."

"I don't set 'em down where I can't pick 'em up," he said stiffly. "It's a nice day. The sooner we roll the better."

"I'm not going today."

There was a moment of silence. "When *are* we going?"

"Really, I don't know. These people are charming and I had a gorgeous time last night." She made a grimace. "And that reminds me that I need coffee. Would you mind calling somebody? I don't think there's a bell. And there's a cigarette in my evening bag—the one with the pearls. Thanks so much."

Casey stepped to the door and called, he handed her a cigarette, then he said, "Can I draw your bath and do a little pressing for you?"

"Now don't be hateful—more hateful than usual, I should say. You're furious, aren't you?"

"Sure! I think you're a contrary little fool," he confessed candidly. "I'm concerned only in getting you safely off my hands."

"LET'S pretend I had a reason for coming here." When he stirred impatiently she said, "The fact that I shouldn't have come will do for a reason until we find a better one. And let's pretend that we're still good friends; I hate to fight all the time. What's the difference whether we leave today or tomorrow or the day after? I'm enjoying myself."

"Let me know when you're ready to shove off," he said with a shrug. "Only remember, if it fogs we'll be here from then on."

Later that day he asked himself if Miss Drew was quite the fool he considered her, and a doubt entered his mind when he saw her in the company of people he knew could not possibly interest her socially: men from the cable office, for instance, and city officials, and shipping agents. He began to suspect that she had left New York with the definite intention of coming here, and that Georges knew why; that he had sent her. These suspicions, he discovered in time, were shared by others, for American visitors to the free port of St. Pierre are not readily accepted at face value by the "big business" men of the water front or by the crews of the smuggling boats.

The serious-minded operators did not believe for a moment that Miss Drew had come here on pleasure bent. A dozen short-wave radio inquiries went out. The replies were puzzling. It seemed indeed that the girl was precisely what she pretended to be.

In order fully to satisfy his curiosity, one of the leading importers, a quiet Scotchman, looked up Casey and questioned him shrewdly. The latter was frank. He confessed himself as bewildered as his interrogator. Both of them were women haters, both had fought on the same sector in France. They wound up by having a drink together; a number of drinks.

The Café des Marins is a modest but colorful "cabaret" which reminded Casey of a certain French tavern—his favorite hangout for several months during the war—and that evening he threw a party there. The brandy was excellent, and when the proprietor learned that his guest had fought with the most famous American squadron he called in his friends, men from St. Pierre who had likewise covered themselves with immortal glory.

ON the afternoon of the next day Cadence Drew dug her pilot out of the drinking place and had him taken to his hotel. Instead of remaining there he slipped out; he was gone all night, and she finally rounded him up in a similar place on Dog Island, across the harbor. This time she hired a hotel employee to stand guard over him. Inside of an hour he got the man drunk and they went away together.

Liquor, in the amounts Haddon took, did not stupefy him; it stimulated him, it roused an unwonted exhilaration, unlocked a profound jocosity wholly unsuspected.

Cadence had him locked in his room finally, a restraining measure that prompted him to escape through a window at risk of life and limb and pleased him so highly that he left a note at her boarding house which read:

Ain't we got fun? Now what shall we play?

A few hours later another note was delivered to her, saying:

Aw, come on! Chase me!

Cadence was in despair. She was being made ridiculous, and she seriously considered appealing to the governor to have the man arrested. Thus far, however, he had committed no breach of the peace, he had not made himself objectionable to anyone but her. On the contrary, he had leaped into sudden popularity and the entire island was laughing at his antics.

In due time a third communication came to her, and she read:

There isn't a flower shop on the island, so instead of an orchid, I'm sending you a French-colonial forget-me-not—emblem of my esteem.

Love and kisses,
KENNETH CUTHBERT.

When she unrolled the package that was handed her she found a large fresh codfish.

That evening Casey marched a quartet of intoxicated sailors in greasy berets up to her lodgings and serenaded her. They sang the Marseillaise while he played it on a comb. Out of her open window she implored him to go to his hotel, but he said, "It's your turn to hide now."

He leaned against a sailor, buried his head in his arms, and began to count, "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. Ready or not, you shall be caught. All around this goal or not," he chanted. Cadence slammed the window shut.

About eleven o'clock that night she entered his hotel,

NEXT WEEK

Beginning—

Strange Clues

First
of a new series
of

Murder Mysteries

by

Edmund Pearson

Also stories and articles by Achmed Abdullah—Vincent Sheean—Frederick L. Collins—Frank W. Wead—Robert Benchley—Rex Beach

and learning he was in his room she walked upstairs, opened his door.

"Hello, darling! You caught me, didn't you?" he said genially. "Now I'm it."

"I've had enough of this foolishness," she stormed. "I've been ready to leave here for days—"

"Good! It's a lousy town. We'll air out in the morning."

"In your condition?"

"Listen, charming! I can fly better in my condition than other fellows fly sober. Another thing: I'm the only man Georges can trust to take the Blue Bird where he wants to go. He and I are as close as two angleworms." The speaker winked.

"What do you mean?"

"Figure it out if you don't know. Let's ask each other questions. What are you doing in St. Pierre?"

"None of your business."

"Good! Now you ask me one."

The girl was seething.

"Casey, you've put me in an awful fix. We must get out of here right away. What will people say?"

"Scorn the gossips. Think what you did to me. I was dry as a blotter. Now look. Wine is a mocker—"

"Will you go to bed?"

Casey eyed the high four-poster and shook his head. "It's a feather mattress and it heats up. I fell out once. Suppose I broke myself. Who'd take care of you then?"

"I'm not going to leave this room until you do."

"*Miss Drew!*" He lifted his brows.

CADENCE stamped.

"Well, I'm not. I refuse to budge. Where are your pyjamas?"

"Am I *blushing!*" The man turned to the wall and hid his head against his arm. He rolled his body like an embarrassed child. "Would it make any difference between us if I said it's a—a *nighty?*" Pleased at his own humor, he burst out laughing. He suggested a drink next and made a move toward the bottle on his dresser.

But Cadence forestalled him; she snatched it up and flung it out of the open window. Not content with this, she began to search for other bottles; she jerked open a bureau drawer, tossed its contents out, shut it with a bang, and tugged at another.

"Gee! It's a raid," said he.

"You're not going to drink another drop," she panted.

"D'you call this ladylike, storming into a man's room at midnight, pawing through his laundry, slamming drawers—"

"I'd like to brain you!"

"—and pitching good liquor into the alley? You're a house-wrecker. Why don't you buy an ax?" He was frowning now. "All right, I can play rough, too." He went to the door, turned the key in the lock, stepped to the window, and dropped it out after the brandy bottle.

Casey's clowning has gone too far. But what can Cadence do? Next week's installment will tell you.

HAS YOUR PEP WALKED OUT ON YOU?

BRING IT BACK!

TAKE THE TWO-A-DAY WAY

HAS YOUR PEP left you in the lurch? Has your energy disappeared into the blue? Are you tired all day, but too nervous to sleep well when bedtime comes? Then take the two-a-day way! Drink Borden's Richer Malted Milk at the fountain during the day. Drink it warm at home, just before you slide between the sheets.

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Sentiment, Circus

A Big-Hearted Pugilist, Trage a Mystery Picture, and Th

By FREDERIC

George Bancroft (at the left) as the prize fighter and Wynne Gibson, ex-blues singer, in the sentimental film, Lady and Gent.

Rose Dione, Wallace Ford, and Leila Hyams mirror some of the macabre morbidness which constitutes the theme of the movie, Freaks.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 51 seconds.)

THESE are the dog days in movieland. The important new films —like prosperity and prohibition repeal—are just around the corner.

The significant pictures, such as Strange Interlude, Marlene Dietrich's Blonde Venus, and A Farewell to Arms, with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes, are being held back for early autumn release. This means late August. Meanwhile movie fans are getting the run-of-the-basket films. And you can hardly blame the film magnates, with the public's interest centered in what the old subtitle writer used to call "the great outdoors."

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ LADY AND GENT

CAST

Slag Bailey	George Bancroft
Puff Rogers	Wynne Gibson
Ted	Charles Starrett
Pin Streaver	James Gleason
Buzz Kinney	John Wayne
Cash Enright	Morgan Wallace
McSweely	James Crane
Doc Hayes	William Halligan
Ted (aged 8)	Billie Butts
Betty	Joyce Compton

Directed by Stephen Roberts.
Produced by Paramount.

A slow-thinking, punch-drunk prize fighter and his "lady," a hard-boiled ex-blues singer, take over the orphan son of a fight manager and raise him to manhood. This is a highly sentimental story of the gruff, big-hearted pair and how the boy regenerated the two. They are, by the way, pretty well played by George Bancroft and Wynne Gibson. This picture is a little too long.

★ ★ FREAKS

CAST

Phroso	Wallace Ford
Venus	Leila Hyams
Cleopatra	Olga Baclanova
Roscoe	Rosco Ates
Hercules	Henry Victor
Hans	Harry Earles
Frieda	Daisy Earles
Madame Tetrallini	Rose Dione
Siamese Twins	Daisy and Violet Hilton
Rollo Brothers	Edward Brophy and Mat McHugh
Schlitze	By Herself
Half Woman-Half Man	Josephine Joseph
Half Boy	Johnny Eck
Armless Girl	Frances O'Connor
Human Skeleton	Peter Robinson
Bearded Lady	Olga Roderick
Pinheads	Zip and Pip
Bird Girl	Elizabeth Green
The Living Torso	Randion
Angeleno	Angelo Rossitto

Directed by Tod Browning.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

A field day in the macabre. A voluptuous circus Cleopatra marries a midget in order that she may poison him and get his rich inheritance. In reality she is giving her love to the strong man of the show. The circus freaks discover the plot, kill the Hercules, and, by desperate surgery not revealed on the screen (the film's only reticence), remodel the Cleopatra into a mad, horrible freak.

Not to be recommended for the general audience. Its revolting close-ups of the unfortunate deformed beings exhibited to whet morbid curiosity are too strong for me.

★ ★ BY WHOSE HAND?

CAST

Jimmy	Ben Lyon
Alice	Barbara Weeks
Graham	William V. Mong
Eileen	Ethel Kenyon
Chambers	Kenneth Thomson
Drunk	Tom Dugan
Detective	William Halligan
Widow	Hélène Millard
Chick	Dwight Frye
Bridegroom	Lorin Baker
Bride	Dolores Rey
Pullman Porter	Oscar Smith
Conductor	Tom McGuire
The Killer	Nat Pendleton

Directed by Ben Stoloff.
Produced by Columbia.

Murder in a Pullman car—and the most resourceful reporter yet to reach the films. Jimmy Hawley, ace news gatherer, can even operate a railroad locomotive. There are two plots: An escaped killer is hidden in a coffin in the baggage car, waiting his chance to wipe out a squealer on board the train. A crook in lower 11 is waiting his chance to kill and rob a wealthy jeweler in lower 13. The mystery reaches a total of five murders. The

and CRIME

nder the Big Top,
ther Talkies

AMES SMITH

A farm's no place for an ex-night-club girl, as Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent (above) realize in The Purchase Price.

Judging from the terror on Barbara Weeks' face as she seeks comfort in Ben Lyon's arms, the mysterious-looking gun must be loaded.

Richard Bennett (at the right) seems to be faced with a big job—the Countess (Alison Skipworth) —the star in Madame Racketeer.

super-reporter is pleasantly done by Ben Lyon.

★ ★ UNASHAMED

CAST

Joan Ogden.....Helen Twelvetrees
Dick Ogden.....Robert Young
Henry Trask.....Lewis Stone
Mr. Schmidt.....Jean Hersholt
District Attorney Harris....John Miljan
Harry Swift.....Monroe Owsley
Mr. Ogden.....Robert Warwick
Marjorie.....Gertrude Michael
Judge Ambrose.....Wilfred North

Directed by Harry Beaumont.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

They have Helen Twelvetrees back on the witness stand again. This time she is a willful, spoiled heiress whose sweetheart is killed by her brother. It seems the lover is a slicker; the brother an honorable, if hot-tempered, fellow.

It is possible that you will be interested in Miss Twelvetrees' acting as a witness when she adopts a brazen manner and sways the jury.

★ MADAME RACKETEER

CAST

Martha Hicks, "Countess of Auburn".....Alison Skipworth
Elmer Hicks.....Richard Bennett
Alice Hicks.....Evalyn Knapp
Jack Houston.....George Raft
James Butterworth.....Robert McWade
Patsy Hicks.....Gertrude Messinger
David Butterworth.....John Breeden
J. Harrington Hagney.....Oscar Apfel

Directed by Alexander Hall.
Produced by Paramount.

An attempt to build that excellent actress, Alison Skipworth, into a Marie Dressler. Martha Hicks, termed the Countess of Auburn by the police, is a wily old confidence woman who can handle a banker as easily as her lorgnette.

She returns to her long-deserted husband and her two grown daughters, and, in straightening out their jumbled affairs, sends herself back to jail.

Unfortunately the story wavers between melodrama and slapstick. The direction, too, is inexpert. Miss Skipworth is pretty good, but she gets no real aid from anyone—and, at that, the cast includes Richard Bennett and George Raft.

And—

THE PURCHASE PRICE

Produced by Warner Brothers.

A night-club girl answers a matrimonial advertisement and flees to a Dutch farm and a mail-order groom to escape her old life and a persistent bootlegger.

Out in the great open places Joan has a tough time between a sullen farmer husband and an unrelenting Mother Nature.

I suspect you will be puzzled, too, as to why the girl did not give up the whole dour adventure.

Barbara Stanwyck does all she can for Joan, but George Brent, scheduled to be Ruth Chatterton's next husband, seems miscast as the gloomy farmer who didn't appreciate his luck.

Do you know that—

Norma Shearer's next picture will be a gay sophisticated comedy entitled Salute, written for her by Frederick Lonsdale?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team.

★★★—What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure.

Secret Guidance

The Story of a Deserted City and a Bride Who Returned from the Past

By JAMES HOPPER

(Reading time: 11 minutes 35 seconds.)

MARRIAGES are usually queer—other people's marriages. We understand only our own. I know a man who married a girl because she had beautiful legs. Now he says, "I married a girl with beautiful legs and a peanut brain." Which is not very nice; yet they get along all right.

I have in mind many marriages like that, at which I marvel in moments of leisure. But over none do I puzzle as I do over that of my young friends Hartley Poe and his winsome Ruth. I don't laugh at that one. It is clearly the rare union beautiful. I regard it with admiration and a little awe, with a bit of that desolation in the heart which means envy. It is over the incidents that brought it about that I puzzle. Without ever coming to any conclusion. Although it all took place directly under my eyes!

The beginning was in the spring of 1929. I was dining with young Hartley. He was then a young newspaper man. He had no idea then that any Ruth existed. I told him of a sketching trip planned for the coming summer in the Sierras, and he said immediately, "Oh, take me along, Jim, will you? I can get a vacation then." He was asking that as though it were something extraordinary; as though he were begging for the moon. Whereas it was an easy thing to grant him, likable and courteous and alert and gay lad that he was.

So when, in June, having gathered my brushes and my paints, I sped out of San Francisco in my roadster, with sleeping bags and a frying pan and coffeepot in the rumble, Hartley sat by my side.

We crossed the plains and went slowly up into the Sierra foothills. Whenever prompted, I stopped and sketched, and he would sit watching me, or wander about on what he called a "look-see." Old cabins of old gold days fascinated him; he would crackle about in the débris. We pushed on into the Yosemite. Out of his blankets early in the morning, he would stand long, his eyes upon the great mountain barrier to the east as though asking himself what was on the other side.

A little dusty shrunken old prospector half answered this question one evening at the village post office at mail time. "If I was you fellows," he said, "I'd go across to the other side. There's something to see there. Ophir City. She was a big silver camp, a hell-roarer in the old days—there she is now, at the foot of the mountain, on the rim of the desert, empty and dead."

And as we walked back to our sleeping bags Hartley was begging in the same tone which had made me wonder in spring, when he was asking to go on the trip—as though asking for something of deep importance. "Jim," he was saying, "let's go there, will you? Let's go to that dead camp, to that Ophir City!"

So we packed up in the morning and forged eastward again. Finally the desert lay before us, palpitant beneath the downpour of the sun; to our right, on a shelf, Ophir City stood, clear in the crystal air. "Look at her!" Hartley whispered. "Ophir City!"

We entered the dead camp and rolled slowly along the length of its long main street. We saw no one. Nothing moved. The buildings stretched to the right and the left, tilted this way or that on their crumbling foundations, but otherwise as they had been when peopled, with their high false fronts, their wooden awnings, their high plank walks.

Hartley was saying: "Can you see this street, Jim, years ago? Horses stamping at the racks, barrel music and click of chips coming out of that Silver Bell there, and that Crystal Palace?"

I found a spot near the far end of the street which gave me an interesting subject of crazy frames, and I stopped and set my easel near the high sidewalk. Hartley said eagerly, "I'll poke about while you paint."

He went drifting off down the street as I set to work. He turned into one of the buildings, and for a time I heard his boots crunching about behind thin walls. He came out and drifted on down the street. He grew smaller and finally vanished.

I saw him coming back two hours later, along the long street under the white sun. "It's marvelous, Jim!" he cried. "There are places still furnished as when people lived in them! You poke about, and you are reading departed lives!

Picture by
DELOS PALMER

Hartley was no longer alone on that hillside. Someone else was there. I thought I caught the flapping of a gown.

" I've followed one up. The life of a young woman, of a young matron. Ruth Henderson was her name.

" You see that big false front about halfway down? That was the hotel of the place. El Dorado Hotel.

" The big mahogany desk is still downstairs. And on it, tied by a chain, the big leather-bound register. They used good paper in those days! That's where I found her. It said, ' July 16, 1874.' And then, ' Charles Henderson, Ruth Henderson.' She must have been a bride, Jim! Bravely come out to this far place with her young husband.

" And up that gulch over yonder there's a cabin. They lived in that cabin after her coming, because their names are cut in the fireplace stone. The young husband must have done that—with his bowie knife some evening, in the soft stone. You can just read the name. Ruth Henderson! "

He was excited. I said, " Rest yourself; sit down; have a smoke." And he sat by me and lit the proffered cigarette. He puffed away meditatively then broke out again. " What's queer," he said, " is how clearly I see her.

" I can see her so clearly, Jim!

" She was like a rose, and blue-eyed and joyous and brave. She had a sunbonnet, but mostly it dangled from her hand. And then, her hair was sweetly parted, sweeping down both sides of her sweet cheeks. I can even see the pattern of her gown—little, small roses, packed tight.

" That cabin," he said, pointing to the gulch. " It must have been fragrant always with baking bread. When her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

● *Little* OLGA ROBERTS
of New York City

MOTHER THOUGHT HER BABY WOULD DIE!

Then she found a wonderful baby food!

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[SECRET GUIDANCE
Continued from page twenty-five]

man came home from the diggings, she stood at the open door, in the sunset light. She kissed him, straight, lip to lip."

I said sardonically, "Maybe!"

But now he stood up. Almost at our feet, the ground scooped into a little draw, and rose on the other side in a smooth rounded low hill.

"Look!" he said. And I saw on this round low hill, in the dry brush, little square inclosures of drunken or half-fallen palings, while here and there a white stone flashed in the sun. The hill had been the camp's burying place.

"What a fine place for the dead!" Hartley was saying. "In that dry, warm soil, under that pulverizing sun. The worm defeated, the flesh transmuting cleanly to spirit!"

But I was more interested in my picture and went back to it. He disappeared. After a while I saw him, over on that hillside, his head inclining now and then to decipher some inscription. The crackling of his boots on rock and dry shrub came to me across the still air.

He returned after a while.

"She's over there. The headstone says, 'Ruth Henderson.' It says, 'Leaving her loving husband and her baby Ruth, three days old.' She lived here only two years, Jim. She was only nineteen when she came. And she died giving life!"

He had passed his illusion to me; I too felt for a moment an illogical shock. Then I said, "But, Hartley, this was long ago. Nearly everyone who lived in the camp then is gone now!"

"Yes. Of course," he said.

And then, after a moment, in protest, "But I see her so *clearly*, Jim!"

I was at my canvas again, and after a moment I knew that he had gone back to the little arid graveyard. I thought, "It's fine to be young and to have imagination. Mine is about gone."

I finished the canvas, and he was still there. I called him twice, and he did not move. "He's gone to sleep," I said, "over his imaginings." And started across after him.

What took place now I shall write down carefully as it happened.

GOING down to the draw and across it, my eyes had been down, as the way was rough. Now, from the bottom, I threw a glance forward and up the hillside. And as I did this I sensed that Hartley was no longer alone on that hillside. Someone else was there. I thought I caught the flapping of a gown. I said to myself, "It's the heat. The sunlight rebounding from the earth in heat waves." The moment was in fact the hottest of the day. And even as I spoke thus to myself, it was as I said. What I thought I had seen vanished in the agitation of the heated atmosphere.

Then I was standing behind Hartley. He had not stirred. I read the headstone; it was as he had said. I softly prodded Hartley with my foot, and he turned his face up to me dreamily. He seemed to be coming out of a gentle trance. He smiled.

"She was here, Jim," he said. "Just a moment ago. Ruth Henderson! She stood above me, and she smiled."

I touched him with my foot again. I said, "Wake up!"

"She was just as I knew she was," he went on, undisturbed. "Rosy and blue-eyed and joyous and brave. She dangled a sunbonnet. Her gown—the pattern is little, small roses, packed tight."

I boomed, "You've been asleep. Snoozing here in the heat."

He roused himself, sprang to his feet. "I wonder!" he cried. Then, "Of course I must have dozed."

A wind had risen and dust devils were whirling and the perpendicular sunlight was rebounding vibrantly from the rocks and baked earth. I thought, "Without sleeping, one might still see strange things in this strange place."

BUT the next day, as, home-bound, we had climbed out and recrossed the Sierra crest and were rolling down the more gentle and peopled western slopes, Hartley said, "Jim—would you let me take the wheel today? You don't care where we go, do you?"

I said: "We're just loitering back. One way is as good as another, and there is no hurry. Go ahead and steer, if you wish."

We changed seats and moved on. But at the first road intersection he stopped. He sat motionless for a long moment in the center of the crossing, then put the car into gear and softly turned her into the road to the right.

After a while we came to another crossing. Again he stopped. Again he was still a moment, with a manner as of listening to some small sound. Then he put the car into gear and turned it into the road to the left.

Every time we came to an intersection this happened. Finally I said, "You've been in this country before, haven't you?"

He shook his head negatively. "I'm—following an impulse," he said.

Then he laughed. "That's odd. I didn't know I was doing that—till I said it. But it's true. I'm following an impulse.

"It's fun anyhow; isn't it, Jim? We'll see where it takes us."

It took us, at sundown, into Roseville, which in past wilder days had been Hangtown. And the pretty place, set amid fruit orchards that now gave it the wealth it used to scrape out of the soil in direct gold, was that night rededicating itself to its wild past in its annual fiesta. Garlands of flowers hung across the main street from balcony to balcony; even as we rolled in, they became luminous with intertwined, many-colored electric lights. The sidewalks swirled with people in festive mood, many in the costumes of the long-gone Spanish days or the later period of the gold rush.

There was to be, we were told at the hotel as we dined, a ball, a "fandango," in Odd Fellows Hall.

"Let's go, Jim!" Hartley immediately cried. "Let's go to the dance, Jim!"

So we stood in front of Odd Fellows Hall later. Suddenly Hartley's hand tightened about my wrist.

An old-time barouche harnessed to a team of bays (evidently saddle horses broken to this rôle just for the occasion) had drawn up to the curb. A joyous group of dancers had poured from it. They were crossing the sidewalk toward the door. And in the center of the group, which unconsciously had arranged itself like a retinue about her, was a girl costumed in the garments of the old mining days.

A sunbonnet dangled from her hands at the end of its strings. Her hair, parted, fell in smooth gloss down the sides of her sweet cheeks. She passed close to me, gracefully and a little eagerly inclined forward, and her cheeks were rosy and her eyes were blue. She vanished through the entrance.

"Did you see?" Hartley hissed, extraordinarily excited.

"I saw a girl," I said, "in a costume, like everyone else."

HE threw me a look heavy with a mixture of indignation and pity.

Then, abruptly, he had left my side and had charged into the hall.

I followed instinctively, with some idea of stopping him, although I had no real idea as to what he was about. I was slowed up by the press, and when finally I stood inside the door he was almost halfway across the shining floor, and nearing the girl in the midst of her friends. I saw her stop short—it must have been at a call from him—and turn toward him. I was near by that time, in my apprehension that he was about to make a fool of himself. So that I heard every word.

He said, as they faced each other, "Your name is Ruth."

And she answered—she displayed no displeasure at this abrupt accosting by a stranger, but an eagerness instead—"Yes. Yes. My name is Ruth."

His hand went toward her gown without touching it. He said, "That pattern of your gown. It's all little roses, packed tight."

Her eyes dropped to the gown, lingered there a moment, then returned swiftly to him. "Yes," she said, the short "yes" like a little eager breath. "The gown—is real. From an old box. It was my grandmother's, long ago."

He said, "I know. Your grandmother, Ruth Henderson. Who lived in Ophir City, long ago."

"Yes. Yes. She died there, very young, my sweet girl grandmother. She called her baby Ruth, who was my mother, who called me Ruth." . . .

That is the way Ruth and Hartley, my young friends, met and were married. That is what I puzzle over.

THE END

'Only ATHLETE'S FOOT' *she had said* . . but she spent her vacation in bed

IT STARTED with only a slight itching between the toes. And although she admitted then that it was "Athlete's Foot," she dismissed it as not being serious.

But soon the skin between her toes turned red, raw; turned white, cracked open—resulting in soreness so painful as to make her limp.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And if neglect continues, graver perils may follow, as in this young lady's case. With her blood stream exposed by open skin-cracks, another infection attacked, and sent her to bed for a month.

Don't let "Athlete's Foot" make you pay the piper for neglect

With "Athlete's Foot" bringing serious trouble to numberless people every year, can you afford to disregard even the slightest symptom?

And the fact is, it may attack you any time, anywhere, for the startling reason that it *lurks almost everywhere.* It lurks by the billions on shower bath, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on safe, reliable Absorbine Jr., tested in clinics and laboratories for its swift ability to kill the germ when reached.

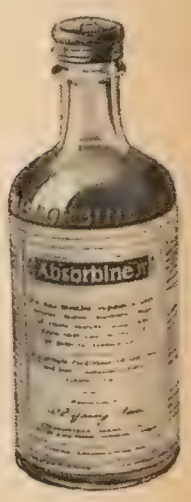
Don't you take chances; go to your druggist at once for a bottle of Absorbine Jr., $1.25. Refuse substitutes. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

NEW RADIO FEATURE

Whispering Jack Smith, three Hummingbirds, Arnold Johnson's Orchestra—WJZ and N.B.C. Blue Network—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday nights—see local newspaper for time.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

A Doughboy Star Chamber—"Seatless Pants Is Royal Raiment"—The Frenzy to Escape—"The Barbed Wireless"—Balty Bill—Propositioned by the Enemy

Shoot and Be Damned!

By Sergeant Ed Halyburton, D.S.M.

As told to Ralph Goll

(Reading time: 29 minutes 30 seconds.)

SERGEANT HALYBURTON'S story has now reached the most perplexing and demanding if not the most rigorous stage of his experience as a prisoner. He has now to fight and overcome, not starvation and a man-killing wood-wagon detail, but enemy intrigue and the demoralization of hundreds of American prisoners who never acquired morale in the regular army. With the comrades of whom he had charge at Tuchel, he has been transferred to Rastatt, in Baden. This the Germans are making an American camp exclusively—and the sergeant has had warning that their real purpose is to try, by propaganda, to break down the patriotic loyalty of their prisoners, since Germany is losing the war and will need American friends and sympathizers.

In Liberty last week he told of his departure from Tuchel and his farewells there—to the unhappy old thoroughbred, Captain von Amerbach; to the kindly *Feldwebel* Breitmann; above all, to Lisaveta of the Battalions of Death, in whose behalf, and in his, love had laughed at barbed wire and machine guns. Then came his arrival at Rastatt with his "outfit" of fifty, including the mad Briggs.

They found the Americans already in the *Lager* dirty, unshaven, and lost to self-respect, the wounded disgracefully neglected by their own countrymen, the caserns like pigsties. With Halyburton at their head, the two-fisted bunch from Tuchel took that state of affairs by the neck and began to clean up.

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons, except obviously true names and that of Halyburton, have been changed. With these exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

Part Eight—Temptations to Treason

THE *Kommandeur* sent a runner with a summons for The runner, an *Unteroffizier* who spoke English wi lisp, said the camp commandant understood only Ger so I got Geoghegan to go along with us.

"The general ith tho thubborn he won't learn Englith," our guide.

His frankness made him interesting. We learned th was completely fed up with the war and the army. His was Otto. He had relatives in America and hoped some da settle there himself.

"Thometimeth I keep accounth of the prithonerth' mon Otto continued. "You have much money, Thergeant H burton."

I looked sharply at the lisping *Unteroffizier.*

"You should know something about America before y there, *Unteroffizier,*" I grinned. "Maybe you've heard we Americans have to be shown. We like quick service, And we believe that money talks."

"I've heard thothe thingth," he admitted, his manner i cating that he was quite willing to act on them.

He led us through the gate to headquarters and usher before the *Kommandeur.* Like von Concrete, the general an old man and sported a multitude of medals; but there similarity ceased. I thought he looked like an American chief, full of politics, and he talked just as he looked. He g us no name, but none was necessary. He could not possibl anyone other than General von Bunkshooter.

He issued an order that no prisoners above the ra

SCHILDWACHEN rushed in at us, their bayonets gleaming. Not an American stirred from his tracks. The band went on playing: "O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave . . ."

Picture by WILL GRAVEN

oral were to be taken out on work details unless they volun-ered. This was, of course, a recession from the policy in rce in all other prison camps.

I saw his point. He wanted the sergeants of all grades left ere his agents could work on them easily.

I asked the privilege of putting American clerks of my own ice in the office of the *Feldwebel* in charge of our block. He dily assented, though the Germans picked their own pris-r clerks in other camps.

hen I put it up to him that, if I were to do a satisfactory b of caring for my men, I would have to have a pass enabling e to go anywhere in the camp without a guard. My fellow isoners would have more confidence in the Germans if they me moving about freely.

he old man had a poker face. My suggestion must have de him wonder, but he gave no indication of it.

It's a pleasure to give you the pass," Geoghegan translated response—adding *sotto voce:* "You're hot, Ed. Now's e time to get his medals."

Geoghegan and I had found a little room in Number One ern and were using it as our office and sleeping quarters. o sought us out there that evening. He told how the rainians had been sorted, fattened, and herded out of their s to fight for Germany. Even now, he said, German uni-ms were arriving for the thousand or two who remained.

hen he got down to the information we desired most. Two ndred more American prisoners were being shipped to Ras-tt. The general had been informed that aids would soon be t to him from the War Ministry.

he upshot of it was that I put Otto on my personal pay roll. He was to report everything that might affect the American prisoners. In return I would permit him to steal ten dollars a week from my account at headquarters, allowing him bonuses for information of vital importance.

The new prisoners came in and I contrived to be present at the guardroom when they were registered. They had been captured early in August and were in excellent spirits, knowing that their comrades marched to victory.

My experience at Tuchel had demonstrated the feasibility of faking sergeantcies for privates and cheating Germany out of workmen. I now did it again in the case of every private who looked sufficiently soldierly and intelligent.

OTTO, able to examine the reports which had been sent to headquarters by the German intelligence service, passed along to me the names of prisoners who had told everything they knew at the "pumping stations." I quietly got these men together and spoke to them: "I know your records, and I know some of you lost your guts and threw up things you should have died to keep secret. That will be forgotten if you conduct yourselves like soldiers here, remain Americans, and obey orders. I have powers of life and death here. . . ."

After I had worked on them, the new men were taken to the delousing factory, then broken into units and assigned to companies under sergeants who had been particularly active in quelling insubordination. The procedure proved so effective that I adopted it as a regular part of my system.

As the American army's part in the war became ever greater the number of incoming prisoners increased. Soon their arrival was a daily occurrence. Our population passed the thousand mark and two more blocks were filled. A food shortage developed. Larger portions of our dwindling supplies were issued to the sick.

As the regular German allowances of *Suppe* and *Brod* at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!
Continued from page twenty-nine]

Rastatt were far better than anything we had received at Tuchel, there was no danger that anyone would starve or even lose much weight before additional provisions came through from Berne.

Nevertheless, an epidemic of stealing broke out, the healthy prisoners preying on the disabled. Such a condition seemed unthinkable. To meet it, I drafted laws such as we had observed in West Prussia, and organized a permanent court, making myself judge and twelve sergeants jurymen.

The laws and the penalties, as we posted them on bulletin boards before each casern, were few and simple. They read:

STEALING—Death.

TREASON AND MUTINY—Death.

ALL OTHER OFFENSES COMMONLY RECOGNIZED BY MEN—Flogging, Deprivation of All Food, and Assignment to Hard Labor.

The names of the members of the court were not revealed. The jurors made arrests and returned verdicts. I imposed and, to some degree, carried out the sentences.

The day the laws were promulgated a farmer happened to apply at headquarters for a small labor party. I approved the requisition and assigned men generally regarded as thieves. Aside from the court no one knew of the detail. Their disappearance set afloat a rumor that they had been tried and executed. So much credence was placed in the report that few further thefts occurred.

About that time—it was late August—Berne sent us bulk food and clothing for 600 men. Now we had a population of 1,800.

The food could be apportioned equally, but it seemed impossible to make a fair distribution of the clothing. Some of the men were half naked. All were in rags.

After some debate the committee decided to give the breeches, shoes, and underwear to the privates, because they had to work, and the hats and coats to the noncoms.

The noncommissioned officers hit high C in their yells against this indignity. They swore sightseeing Fräuleins were razzing them through the wire about the seatless state of their pants. Our reply was that they could cover their nakedness only by changing places with the privates. There were no more complaints.

To guard against the activities of anyone, German or American, who might be boring into our morale from within, I needed a counter-espionage service.

I knew about fifty men in the camp who could be trusted to the limit. One at a time, I called them to my office and took them into my confidence. I gave each man a general idea of the German intrigue enveloping us, then asked him to keep his eyes and ears open and report all suspicious actions and conversations.

Shortly I began to receive reports. Private X had been seen fraternizing with a guard. Corporal Y had been heard to say that the German people were better than the French. Private Z had something in a box that he carefully guarded.

Nine times out of ten the suspected prisoners were able to clear themselves without difficulty. In the exceptional cases we convened the secret tribunal and administered punishment, usually no more severe than beating or assignment to hard-labor details.

I had discovered a fertile source of pro-Germanism in letters some of the men were sending home. All outgoing mail was read by the Germans, of course, and those missives which contained tributes to Germany were copied and printed in propaganda newspapers in Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries.

ALL letters were deposited unsealed in boxes that the Germans had placed in each casern. Censors gathered them up daily. Calling in my commanding officers, I ordered them to read secretly everything posted in the boxes and to remove questionable matter. Under camp rules, the penalty for tampering with the mail was the firing squad, but the C. O.s gladly took the risk.

In a day or two I had a collection of letters which, under a strict application of military law, would have sent the writers to the wall. I soon learned that most of the letters divulging military secrets had been penciled by men ignorant of the value of such information. Those praising Germany were meant simply to lessen the worries of relatives in America.

After being threatened with death if they repeated their offense or reported our activities to the Germans, the men were instructed how to write stuff that the enemy could not use. One such lesson was always enough.

Another big supply shipment came through from Berne. This time there was sufficient food and clothing for all, though our number had increased to a point well above 2,000. Everyone blossomed out in a new uniform.

We had been tantalizing our Ukrainian neighbors; and now, as if to offset the effect of our appearance on the other prisoners, our captors secretly equipped the ex-Russian soldiers as German infantrymen.

Waking one morning, we found the Ukrainians goose-stepping around their pen in the gray-green uniforms and round forage caps of the enemy. Regardless of what they hoped to gain by such strategy, the Germans showed poor judgment of American character.

Howling with a lust to kill, our men tore at the wire separating them from the renegades, and for a moment it looked as though they would push down the barrier by sheer weight of numbers. The Ukrainians were terrified and halted their march. The guards in the machine-gun towers leveled their weapons.

Our noncoms finally restored order; but the Ukrainians did not continue their parade.

The next day they were back in their old prison clothes. Shortly afterward they were marched away—no one knew where—and we had the whole camp to ourselves.

Some of the men, particularly the noncoms, who had nothing else to do than scheme, began plotting escapes. Through my personal secret service I got wind of their plans, which included a riot and general prison break. It was obvious that any break in which the whole population took part was bound to end in the loss of many

GUESS THE LUCKY NUMBER
• It's "35" —A quick, firm lather— a soothing lotion— a smooth and cooling powder—worth 50c each but priced at 35c.
PINE "Thirty Five"
Shaving Cream, Shaving Lotion, After-Shave Powder
Sold only at
LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE
NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES
Dependable Friendly

lives and the forfeiture of all the comforts and privileges I had fought so hard to gain. After a session on the carpet, the conspirators admitted the folly of their proposed coup and promised to be guided by my advice in any similar enterprise they might undertake.

From Captain von Amerbach I had acquired considerable knowledge about the German border patrol and the nature of the Swiss and Dutch frontier country. As I saw it, no man had a chance to escape unless he went out on a labor detail to a point within twenty or thirty kilometers of a neutral country and then made a quick dash for the border. Even so, the odds were five hundred to one that he would be caught.

At many camps prisoners were shot for attempting to escape. But Old von Bunkshooter had modified the punishment at the *Amerikanerlager* to fourteen days of solitary confinement on bread and water. This penalty was, in reality, almost as bad as death; for a fugitive at the time of his recapture could not help but be half dead or half mad from days and nights of flight and hiding.

For my own part, I had abandoned all hope of escape, my work at Rastatt being far more important than anything I could do in France. I was in sympathy with all rational schemes of getting away from the enemy, however, and I obtained a list of the men who wanted to try their luck in the gamble for freedom.

Whenever a farmer or factory owner operating within striking distance of a neutral country applied at the *Kommandeur's* office for workers, I got a tip from Otto and formed a detail of those on my escape list.

Ever since my arrival at Rastatt I had been collecting war material through my aids. We now had a cache that included maps, compasses, and flashlights, and wire cutters and other tools.

Thus we were able to give the leader of an escape party many necessary articles. All of the prospective fugitives were instructed not to kill Germans or take unnecessary chances with their lives, it being apparent that the war would soon end.

SETTING out on their adventure, the men were like college boys bound for a football game, though they knew what they faced. A week or two later the gay adventurers always began trickling back, bearded, gaunt, nerve-broken, and heavily guarded. They were promptly court-martialed and thrown into the hole.

Fearing that some of the returned prisoners would go mad in the punishment cells, I went to the *Kommandeur* with a request that they be sent to our dressing station once each day for physical examination by hospital corps men. Old von Bunkshooter finally assented and all the prisoners were brought out for examination. It was an easy matter to bribe the guards and give the poor devils all they could eat before they were returned to the strafe cells.

In a short time more than a hundred men tried to escape. Only one failed to come back. He was a youth of Polish extraction. A letter from a Red Cross official in Berne informed me that he had reached Switzerland.

"Your letter regarding shoes of small size reached us today," wrote the official, making it easy to guess that the lad was safe.

Most of my troubles of this period were due to selfish Americans who thought it safe now to reveal themselves in their true light.

I was sitting in my office when a National Army sergeant major walked in.

"Sergeant, I have a complaint to make," said he.

"Shoot, sergeant major."

He drew himself up haughtily. "I am a real sergeant major and I don't think it's right for you to quarter fake sergeants with men like myself. It—ah—lowers our prestige."

"Your—what?" I jumped up and hit the table. "See here! When I came to Germany all prisoners below your rank were being worked. Now only privates work. Did you have anything to do with making that change?

"To hell with prestige! You'll find yours at the door when you go out. And remember that if I can make ser-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Summer Sun dries scalp and hair

The wind and summer sunshine are beneficial to the hair. Healthful. But regular daily exposure to them tends to dry out the natural oil of the scalp, and makes the hair unruly. Counteract dry scalp with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. A few drops at the time of combing will do wonders. And at least once a week give your scalp a careful, five minute workout. Shake the Tonic directly on the scalp, and with the finger tips massage round and round. This stimulates the circulation, cleans the pores, helps to normalize the flow of natural scalp oil which is essential to the life of the hair. Follow with your regular shampoo. Simple, isn't it? And sure to keep your hair and scalp in the pink of condition.

RADIO

TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC BLUE NETWORK, 9 P. M., E. D. T.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1932, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

MOTORISTS! don't start trip without KLEENEX!

Keep Kleenex right on the seat! Use it for cleaning windshield — for handkerchiefs — picnic napkins — everything!

DON'T START any journey—long or short—without Kleenex! These handy tissues will increase the pleasure of your trip so many different ways.

Keep a package of Kleenex right on the seat. Use a tissue to wipe off the windshield. Another to wipe away dust and perspiration from your face. You'll find it invaluable for wiping grease and dirt from your hands.

For picnics

Take Kleenex along for picnic napkins! It's convenient, inexpensive—and easily disposed of.

Kleenex comes in handy for towels, when traveling—for handkerchiefs—and other personal uses. Use it around toilet articles when packing.

Indeed, as one enthusiastic Kleenex user writes—"we use it for everything but the sandwich fillings!"

Stock up with Kleenex before you start—you'll enjoy the trip much more. At any drug or department store.

'KERFS

...are like Kleenex—but 4 thicknesses instead of 2—and smartly bordered, for handkerchiefs or tea napkins.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED! Continued from page thirty-one]

geants out of privates I can make privates out of sergeant majors. That's all!"

A couple of days later I was approached by a handsome middle-aged sergeant.

"I have something confidential to tell you," he began.

I took him to my office. He seemed flustered.

"There are eight commissioned officers in this camp," he said, "of whom I am the senior in point of rank and service. I am Captain Z—— of the —— Infantry."

"Only eight? I supposed, from the actions of the prisoners when I arrived at Rastatt, that there were at least eighty here, ten of them generals."

"But I'm serious about this.'

"Then how does it happen you're passing yourself off as a sergeant?"

"We are posing as enlisted men for reasons known to the government. If you doubt my word that I'm a captain, let me produce witnesses. There are at least ten men here who knew me as an officer in France."

I laughed. "All right. You're a captain. But what do you want me to do about it—sergeant?"

Captain Z—— winced. "As you know, my rank entitles me to the post of camp commander."

"Sergeant, this is one place where rank and military law don't count. I'm running this camp, and I'm making the laws for the good of the prisoners as a whole.

"You lie when you say that you're here on a government mission. When the Heinies grabbed you and the others you probably were wearing an enlisted man's uniform. You threw away your shoulder bars and papers, thinking that you'd have a better chance to save yourselves if you posed as sergeants. You'd heard that the Germans were killing officers, or maybe cutting off their ears.

"YOU were here when I arrived. If you'd had any guts you'd have taken charge when the men were desperate and panicky. Now that things have quieted down, you're ready to jump in and be camp commander."

"But, sergeant—"

"There are a lot of officers like you in the United States army, and it has been the dream of my life to get one where I've got you. Now, if you or any of your bunch ever mention your authority again I'll throw you into a hut and hold you prisoners until the end of the war. I'll put the toughest men in camp over you as guards. They'll have orders to beat you up every time you open your mouths.

"You can start something now if you want to, and after the war you can have me tried—but, by God, I'll have the pleasure of seeing privates slap the ears off a lot of commissioned sons of b——s!"

Captain Z—— had the look of a dazed souse.

"I'll confer with my fellow officers and tell you later what we'll do," he said, trying to be dignified.

He never reported the result of that conference.

The mysterious Mr. Merkel of the International Y. M. C. A. had visited Rastatt early in August, bringing word that we would soon be supplied with musical instruments, sporting goods, and a library. There now arrived from Berlin a shipment consisting of a piano, enough musical instruments to form a band, eight or ten boxes of books, and any amount of athletic gear.

Mr. Merkel appeared again, this time with an escort of sword-rattling officers. They haunted the camp for some days, directing the establishment of a concert hall, reading room, church, and community center.

GEOGHEGAN and I were mystified and uneasy. But Charley reassured himself.

"How in hell can a piano be pro-German?" he wondered. "Can't we organize a band without playing Die Wacht am Rhein? And the books—well, I've looked at them and they're as innocent as almanacs. After we get a band going and some good boxing contests started we'll be better Yanks than ever."

I agreed that generosity in itself was not going to further Germany's cause. However, I remained on the alert, watching every move the Y man made.

A recreation committee was organized with Sergeant Brimmer, an able and intelligent leader, at the head. The piano began to bang out the accompaniment to Hinky, Dinky, Parlez Vous. The Knock-Him-Out Society met regularly around improvised rings. The musicians among us got together and we had, if not a band, something that made a helluva lot of noise.

Our population in these early September days was climbing toward the 3,000 mark. Two parsons emerged from rear-rank privacies to shepherd the flock. They took charge of the church and Sunday-school services. These afforded at least a diversion from crap-shooting and fighting.

All we needed now was a newspaper. Yet we woke one day to find that we had with us the Barbed Wireless, a sheet printed in pencil by five former newspaper men. It gave us this information about itself:

Main Office . . . . . Barrack No. 2
Cable Address . . . . . Barless
Telephone . . . . . Out of Order
Managing Editor . . Muttonhead McGuire
Editorial Writer . . . . . Brainless Byers
Sporting Editor . . . . . Bonehead Butler
Financial Editor . . Worthless Whitemore
Cartoonist . . . . . Harmless Hess

"In order to keep its readers as thoroughly misinformed as possible on all events of no importance whatever, the Barbed Wireless has employed on its staff the most incompetent and unreliable writers in captivity. . . ."

The newspaper came out at intervals, one copy to an issue, and was

solemnly posted on the bulletin board.

Truly, a young America was growing up in our barbed-wire world. Merkel, strangely enough, seemed gratified by the revival of our national spirit. His German companions were puzzled and gloomy, apparently sensing that their scheme to weaken our morale had gone awry. Our demonstrations of loyalty to our country reached their climax one bright Sunday afternoon when the band, having played a couple of Sousa's marches on the recreation field, swung suddenly into the opening strains of The Star-Spangled Banner.

"O say, can you see—"

Old soldier that I was, I had thought myself beyond being stirred by it. But now I jumped to my feet, electrified. Looking around, I saw that every prisoner in the camp was standing like a statue.

"What so proudly we hailed—"

God Almighty! Was I going to break down and cry?

The German guards had not realized the significance of the tune at first. When they did the band was half through the song.

A *Feldwebel* bawled orders. An officer struggled through the crowd around the bandstand, trying to get the attention of the drum major. The gates opened and *Schildwachen* rushed in at us, their bayonets gleaming.

"Go!" they shouted to us; and to the musicians, "Stop!"

Not an American stirred from his tracks. The band went on playing:

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

The drums rattled a finale. The bandsmen put down their instruments. The audience came back to earth. The guards seized the drums and horns and chased us out of the recreation pen.

OLD von Bunkshooter sent for me at once, and I reported, accompanied by Geoghegan. The general was boiling. Charley and I assumed rôles of injured innocence. He swore a mighty oath that nothing like the playing of a national anthem by war prisoners had ever before happened in Germany. Very meekly we assured him that it would never happen again. We did not feel responsible for the impertinences of a band in the organization of which we had not participated. As perhaps the Herr General knew, all musicians were flighty.

The general knew. Musicians were his pet aversion. Having vented his hatred on them, he warmed to us again, called the incident closed, and even consented to return the instruments to the band on condition that I censor all future programs.

More prisoners reached camp, bringing word that the American army was concentrating around St. Mihiel. They were certain an attempt would be made to smash the salient there.

This was about September 10, two days before the first great American offensive started. Yet here, in a German prison camp, buck privates were discussing the supposedly secret plans for the attack. Bets were even being made on the outcome of the battle!

What privates knew or guessed the Germans could not help but learn—if some of the rear-rank strategists had not braggingly told them all about it.

ONE of the new prisoners was a professional strong man—Baltimore Bill. He was about six and a half feet tall and was built like a brick chimney.

Called from his bunk to stand his first roll call, the strong man walked through a window, taking glass, sash, and screen with him. This drew the attention of his company commander, as tough a sergeant as one would care to meet.

Before the C. O. could speak to him, Balty Bill lashed out with what the sergeant afterward thought was a piano leg—afterward, I say; it was fifteen or twenty minutes before the hapless noncom did any thinking.

The affair was reported to me and I called the strong man to my office.

"What seems to be the trouble, soldier?"

He grinned amiably. "There wasn't any trouble."

"Then what do you call walking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Which woman are You?

• *The Victorian-minded woman who still asks* "DO I REALLY NEED IT?"

• *The keen modern woman who says*—"YES I NEED AND USE MUM."

Modern women long ago accepted the fact that the underarms must have special care—something more than soap and water—to keep them free from disagreeable perspiration odor.

Today women take care of this in the quickest, easiest, simplest way. With Mum, a dainty, snowy deodorant cream. It takes only half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, and you are protected for *all* day. It's as simple as that! No bother, no time wasted.

Mum is instantly effective. And the nice part of it is that you can use Mum *any* time—when you are dressing or afterwards. For Mum is perfectly harmless to your frocks and blouses. And it is so soothing to the skin you can even use Mum right after shaving.

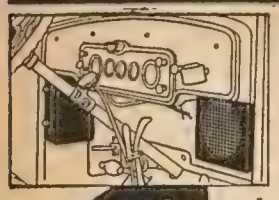
Remember, too, Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes. It simply destroys hateful odor.

You can get Mum at all toilet counters, 35c and 60c a jar. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO—Mum is such a comfort to women in this way, too. Use it as a deodorant on sanitary napkins—and enjoy complete freedom from worry on this score.

Radio for Your Car...New Low Price
The CROSLEY ROAMIO



YOU have wanted a radio in your car — you have been waiting for the cost to come within reason—here it is—the Crosley Roamio—the new 6-tube superheterodyne automobile radio receiver. Can be placed in any car in any location desired. Priced exceptionally low. Installation quickly made. Equipped with full dynamic speaker. Send for Booklet or see the nearest Crosley dealer.

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Priced complete with tubes, tax paid.

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Dept. A-21 Cincinnati, Ohio

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IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—*NEW! NOVEL! DAINTY!* Glassette, an exclusive richly beautiful material of watered silk finish — 21 FOLDERS ALL DIFFERENT. Reproductions of magnificent paintings in multi-colored crayon and raised gold metallic effects—*EACH with a TISSUE LINED ENVELOPE.* COSTS YOU 50c—*SELLS For $1.00.* Free Sample. Write today to WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water Street Dept. 79 Boston, Mass.

Stop Itching

Soothing, healing, invisible ZEMO is used in thousands of homes to bring relief from the torture of itching, burning skin. ZEMO has been used for twenty years with remarkable success to stop itching and draw the heat and sting out of the skin, and help clear away Eczema, Rashes, Ringworm, Dandruff, Pimples and other annoying skin or scalp irritations. All dealers. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. Extra Strength for obstinate cases, $1.25.

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Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 99% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED! Continued from page thirty-three]

through a window and knocking out a sergeant? Morning exercise?"

"I was in a hurry to get out of that hut."

"Yes; but you had no reason for hitting the sergeant."

"I don't need any reason to smack a man down. When I don't like a guy's looks I just naturally hit him."

I stared. "You smack them down, do you? Well, I'll admit I can't lick you, but I've got a sergeant here who'll give you a tussle. I'm moving you to his hut."

I took the strong man to a casern commanded by a former prize fighter almost his size, and introduced him: "This is Balty Bill, who walks through windows and on top of sergeants. Use your own judgment."

The two men looked at each other, and I thought I was going to see the fight of a lifetime. Then the strong man let loose a laugh instead of a fist.

"I think I'll like this fellow!"

BILL took a fancy to me, too, and often served me well in the capacity for which nature had so splendidly equipped him. I had only to suggest a personal distaste for somebody to get action out of him.

Soon after the Battle of St. Mihiel, news of which reached me through Otto, a strange *Hauptmann* appeared at my office. We exchanged the usual courtesies, sat down, and he introduced himself.

"Sergeant Halyburton, I am Captain von Betzman," he said. "I've been sent to Rastatt by the War Ministry to act as your representative."

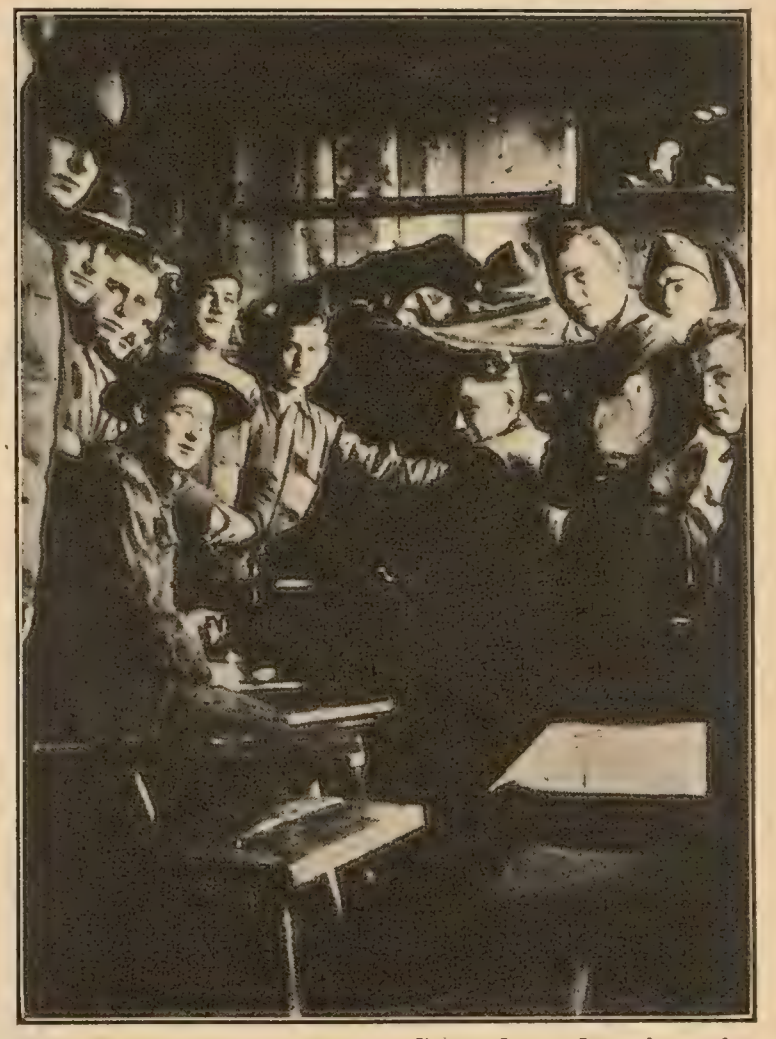
Sizing up the new propagandist—for he could be nothing else—I concluded that he was by far the most dangerous enemy agent I had yet encountered. Physically von Betzman fitted a movie director's conception of a henchman of middle European royalty, a scion of some family centuries old, a spendthrift, and a devil with the ladies. He had a high forehead, thin nose, and cold, calculating eyes. Beside my red, hairy, and broken hands his own seemed slight and effeminate.

More disturbing than his rank, intelligence, and close connection with the German government was his language. He spoke English like an American; plainly, he had lived in America and knew us.

I said nothing, and von Betzman continued: "The War Ministry wants to make Rastatt a model prison camp. My superiors have given me the power to concede much to you. If you care to show me about the camp and point out changes you think will better your condition, I have time to accompany you."

I disliked the idea of appearing publicly with the flashy captain, fearing that the men would get a false impression of what I was about.

There was no chance for me to get out of the inspection tour, however, so we set forth, attracting a good deal of attention wherever we went.



In a casern at Rastatt. Seated at the piano is Charley Geoghegan.

Here and there, in barracks and kitchens, I showed where improvements could be made, the captain noting everything I said and promising to effect the changes at once. As we returned to my office he began complimenting me on my appearance and the manner in which I had been running the camp. I sensed the baiting of a trap.

"You've been in military service quite some time, haven't you, sergeant?" he asked.

I looked at him sharply, wondering just how much he knew about me and where he had got his information.

"Yes, sir; I've been in the Regular Army for eight years," I replied truthfully.

"I knew it! The moment I put eyes on you I said to myself, 'There's an American regular.'" Then his voice fell to a confidential tone: "You know, I lived in the United States for fifteen years. So I'm rather well acquainted with your people and your military organization. That's why my government detailed me to care for your wants. Don't you think that's very fair of Germany?"

"Fair enough," I acknowledged. "You'll find the American prisoners justly grateful."

"That's fine! I believe it will be easy for us to reach an understanding."

"Very easy, for there is only one thing to understand, captain. We expect you to be square with us."

"If anyone mistreats an American, let me know about it and he'll answer to the government." The captain turned as though to leave; then faced me again. "By the way, we have arranged to get newspapers for your boys. These papers are edited by an American who chose to remain in Germany. He appreciates both sides of the conflict. Here is one of them."

I spread out the sheet. It was called The Americans in Europe and the headlines on the first page read:

ALLIED SOLDIERS IN REVOLT—AMERICANS SACRIFICED TO SAVE FRENCH—WILSON ENGLAND'S TOOL—AMERICANS LYNCH MORE PRISONERS THAN GERMANS EXECUTE AFTER TRIALS—RASTATT WORLD'S BEST PRISON CAMP

I handed the paper back. "No, captain. We read the regular German newspapers. They tell the truth as their editors see it. We don't mind being knocked by them. But that thing can't come into Rastatt."

HE looked surprised. "Tell me what you don't like and I'll see the editor. Perhaps we can fix things up."

"I know as well as you the purpose behind every story in that paper. If you will have the editor print only the official communiqués of the different armies in the war, humorous sketches, cartoons, and the sporting news of the world, I'll let it inside the camp."

He smiled. "That's a large order, but I'll do my best to have the editor make the changes you want. I'll see you again in a day or two. Good-by."

I smiled too, appreciating the irony of a situation wherein the Germans censored our penciled newspaper and I censored one they had gone to the trouble to print for us.

In a couple of days von Betzman was back with a new edition of The Americans in Europe. This time the paper carried a column of sports news, some humorous matter, and a couple of cartoons. But the news stories were of the same trend as those I had previously seen. President Wilson was referred to as "the greatest hypocrite of history."

Again I rejected the paper, telling the captain that it was useless to discuss the matter.

"I am spokesman for the camp," I said. "When I tell you I don't approve of the sheet it means my men won't read it."

Von Betzman looked at me attentively. "I understand. It's too bad we can't agree. But I'll be back soon. In the meantime, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, captain. Thank you."

Toward the end of the same week he returned, all smiles, and asked to talk to me privately. We went to my office.

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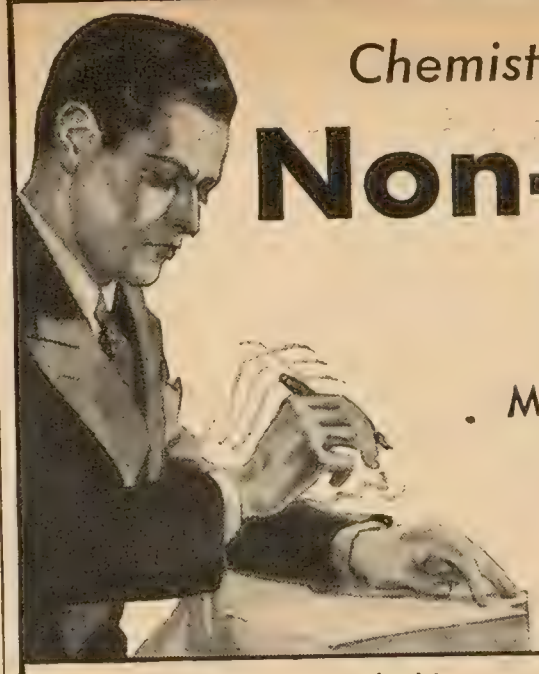

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Non-Clogging Ink!

Makes Pens Self-Cleaning —Start Every Time

—contains secret solvent that dissolves sediment left by other inks

No more shaking your pen to start ink flowing!

We paid $68,000

for the first bottle to guard Parker Pens from clogging

America is fast turning to an utterly new KIND of writing ink, called Qu*ink*. An ink that ends pen-clogging, ends shaking and scratching to get your pen to write. That dries on paper 31% faster than other ink, yet does not dry inside the feed of your fountain pen.

Parker experts—world's leading fountain pen makers—developed Qu*ink* to protect their famous Parker Pen from inks that clog and gum.

This new creation contains a secret solvent that dissolves the sediment left by ordinary inks.

Qu*ink* actually *cleans your pen as it writes.* And thus makes every pen a self-cleaner. Get a bottle of Qu*ink* from any dealer, at the price of old-time inks, and see it make your pen work like a charm.

If you want to try before you buy, send 10c for posting and packing large trial bottle. The Parker Pen Company, Dept. L-4, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Parker Quink

186

America's Best Read STORIES
America's Best Read ARTICLES
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HAY FEVER

Successfully Treated by New Method

The secret of reducing hay fever attacks, and in many instances preventing them altogether, has been discovered by a St. Louis physician.

The reason some people get hay fever, while others do not, is that the nasal membranes of hay fever victims are SENSITIVE to pollen. Therefore, he figured, why not build up a resistance to hay fever—make those membranes stronger—less sensitive?

He tried many ways to do this and only succeeded when he was able to perfect beechwood creosote in a formula known as SINASIPTEC.

Thousands of people who formerly suffered the misery of hay fever, have already found Sinasiptec a genuine blessing. Actual letters on file from enthusiastic and grateful users, show this treatment to be a magnificent success. Right now is the time to start using Sinasiptec. Use in warm water in a nasal douche and bathe the nasal passages regularly. It will give your head a gloriously clear feeling. You will breathe with ease. Headaches and sinus "flare-ups" will become a rarity. And above all, you will be building up that nasal strength which staves off the agony of Hay Fever and Rose Cold.

All druggists supply a large bottle of SINASIPTEC at modest cost and guarantee satisfaction. Don't delay. Tear this out so you remember the name SINASIPTEC. *Circular on request.* © American Drug Corp., 2122 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Stays sticky—lasts longer. Will not drip. More sanitary than sprays or powders. Destroys flies anywhere—homes, cafes, stores, farms, etc.

Sold by grocers. If your dealer does not have it, send 25c for 10.

R. A. Graef Co., 732 Linden St., Allentown, Pa.

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!
Continued from page thirty-five]

"I've just come from Berlin and I'm able to make you a handsome proposition today, sergeant," he said, placing two newspapers on my table. One was The Americans in Europe, the other The Continental Times. A glance showed me that both were full of German propaganda.

"I won't beat about the bush," he grinned. "Berlin wants these two papers in the American camp. Germany is not a piker when she wants something, as you may know, sergeant. If you'll consent to the circulation of these papers among your men we'll give you a cash consideration sufficient to keep you very well the rest of your life. In addition, we'll arrange it so that you won't have to spend more than a few hours daily in the camp. You can have a room in the best hotel in Rastatt and we'll see you're entertained as much as you like. There will be wine, women, and song. What do you say?"

Probably I should have been indignant. But I was a sergeant. I was tempted.

The issue was not one of actual treason. Nothing that I did at Rastatt could have any effect on the outcome of the war. I had saved my comrades from physical dangers of the worst sort. Now, if I closed my eyes to the circulation of the propaganda sheets and the men were weak-minded enough to be influenced by them, how much could I blame myself?

With money and a pull at the War Ministry, I might be able to obtain Lisaveta's release from Tuchel and dissuade her from her madcap plan of leading the Russian prisoners home; or, failing in that, I might join her as I had once resolved to do. Perhaps the girl had been right. Perhaps our western civilization was dying. . . .

If I spurned the captain's bribe, to what could I look forward? Imprisonment on my return to France? A dishonorable discharge from the army? Those were questions with which I hardly needed to concern myself. It was almost certain that I would never live to be repatriated. I had violated a dozen camp rules that carried the death penalty. It would not be difficult for the enemy to send me to a firing squad. So it seemed not merely a question of money, but one of life or death. . . .

How Sergeant Halyburton met this temptation and what von Betzman did about it appears most dramatically in next week's installment, in which the sergeant also suffers betrayal at the hands of a spy, and is sent with two comrades to the life-or-death strafe camp, Heuberg.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What famous Roman general led his army to victory and then retired to his farm?
2—What is dysosmia?
3—What is the source of the Mississippi River?
4—How many inches in the international standard meter?
5—Who was the tallest President?
6—How many admirals have there been in the United States Navy?
7—What queen was crowned after her death?
8—Who was the most prominent personage in the Spanish Inquisition?
9—Which country is larger, the United States or Brazil?
10—What is the meaning of avulsion?
11—What is garble?
12—What is the annual rental paid to Panama by the United States for the Canal Zone?
13—What woman was the daughter of a composer, wife of another, and mother of a third?
14—What is the derivation of the word hooch?
15—Who wrote, "Laugh and the world laughs with you"?
16—What country was at one time called the White Man's Graveyard?
17—Where, if anywhere, are diamonds found in the United States?
18—What is a syllabus?
19—What is a murrain?
20—Where was Rudyard Kipling born?

(Answers will be found on page 41)

What ingredient of Squibb Dental Cream helps to combat tooth-decay?
(*See page 41 for the answer*)

After *you're* through eating, ACID *begins to dine!*

WHEN you've finished your meal, small particles of food are left in the mouth, in crevices between the teeth, and where teeth meet gums. As these particles decompose, bacteria multiply. Some create acid, which may begin at once to gnaw at your teeth.

Use SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM, and guard your teeth from the germ-acids that cause decay!

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Making SUCKERS of AMERICANS

Albany Photo Supply Company photo

Watered Stock, Unsound Foreign Loans, and Fake Investments Unloaded on the Public Without Protest from the National Administration, Charges

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York and Democratic Nominee for President

(Reading time: 3 minutes 40 seconds.)

ONE of the major causes of the 1929 smash could have been prevented by our national administration. This was the flotation of a twentieth-century "Mississippi Bubble" on a sea of popular ignorance. Three forms of this scandalously unsound speculation could and should have been instantly suppressed by straightforward comment from Washington.

One hoax was the organization of many unnecessary promotions in every part of the country. Some so-called "private banking houses" and even some public banks brought about consolidations for the sole purpose of selling watered stock.

These issues were not based on existing earnings but upon purely imaginary future possibilities. Many billions of dollars were spent by the public for handsomely engraved certificates representing little else but a pathetic hope of wealth.

Another looting scheme of these "private banking houses" was in foreign loans. Due to the destruction of capital in Europe from the war and industrial developments in South America due to postwar conditions, there was an urgent demand for capital. And so these "bankers" sent their agents to scour two continents for borrowers. The "bankers" demanded and got exorbitant commissions and interest rates.

Many of the "banks" and most of their agents were complete novices in world finance and even in knowledge of foreign countries. Some legitimate loans were made—others to tottering governments as well as to every sort of unsound foreign enterprise. Whether or not some of these "bankers" knew all the facts, the public did not. A novice public sent billions of dollars into foreign countries. The "banking houses" were, and are, satisfied with the silence of the national administration—for they got their commissions.

The foreign "investment" business became so general that even the best financial minds lost perspective; even supposedly reputable investment bankers coöperated with foreign interests to make suckers of American investors.

A third kind of fraud—and one which more than either of the others destroyed our faith in our "private banking" system—was the organization of fake investment trusts. Again, some investment trusts were legitimate, but in this sort the buyers of shares gave their savings to a number of gentlemen who had made fortunes for themselves in Wall Street, together with blanket powers of attorney for them to speculate with the money.

Instead of legitimately speculating upon sound probabilities—the sort of speculation which has contributed much to our national progress—the managers of these trusts defrauded their stockholders. They "invested" the bulk of the funds in frozen situations which bolstered up their own financial empires. Or else, putting in only a small portion of the original capital, they cleverly controlled the majority voting power; they sold to their own trusts their own unmarketable issues, thus bailing themselves out. Furthermore, they ruthlessly seized the lion's share of any profits. The stupendous scope of these operations, coupled with the original unmarketability of their "investment," made them a total loss.

Unfortunately our national administration did not lift a finger to point out the dangers of any of these particularly vicious courses of financial exploitation. It knew the losses to come from unsound promotions and watered stock. It knew that many of the foreign loans were utterly unsound. It knew what the consequences might be from those investment trusts which were fictitious speculative devices.

The national government did not take the trouble to analyze the state and facts at its disposal. Our own Treasury Department and even our own Federal Reserve Board itself took not one single step to discourage the mounting orgy of speculation—until it was too late. Our present administration cannot plead ignorance. It does not deserve the confidence of the investing public.

The government must protect its citizens against financial buccaneering. No federal administration can prevent individuals from being suckers, but our government has the right as well as the positive duty to dissect, for the benefit of the public, every new form of financial action.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

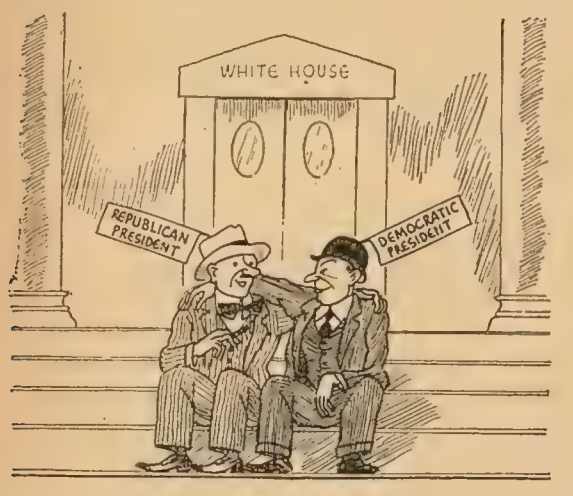
Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

Vox

Imagine What Would Happen Under These Conditions

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—If you Liberty editors, who must forever be advocating something, want to perform a real public service, why not advocate electing two Presidents for the next term—one Republican and one Democrat? This would save a lot of campaign expenses and give us peace in the family.

Of course, the candidates should be paired right. For example, one over-



fed Republican and a hungry-looking Democrat ought to have a natural sympathy for one another to begin with, and so get along fine. As for the salary question, whether they divide the present one or each of them gets the full amount will not mean anything to them because it is only pin money compared with what each can earn on the side if they attend to their private business.

With two Presidents in the White House they will have more opportunity to attend to their business—and the business of our government ought to have a better chance, too!—*R. Nielsen.*

Sniping at Sergeant Halyburton —and Counter-Offensive

MENASHA, WIS.—It's a good thing that your circulation is not wide enough to include the cemetery where Jules Verne is buried, or Verne would turn over twice in his grave at the knowledge that there's someone who has a better imagination than his.

And that someone is Halyburton!—*Lieutenant Karl Doerlinger.*

DENVER, COLO.—I don't know Ed Halyburton personally. But I know him by reputation, and I'd be willing to bet that he's telling the truth, the absolute truth, in his articles.—*H. G.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I have read accounts by Germans who were prisoners in France during the war. I can assure every reader that whatever Sergeant Halyburton may have experienced in the way of mistreatment by a few individual Germans (every army has its bad men —none excluded!) it was honey and pie compared with what the Germans who were taken prisoner by the French had to put up with. They can tell you *real* hair-raising stories of brutal treatment. Just ask them.—*W.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO — Nothing more thrilling has come my way in years than Halyburton's series of articles, "Shoot and Be Damned!" The stuff is so vivid that, after finishing each installment, I feel as if I myself had lived through the adventures described.

It's a knockout!—*Jeff.*

A Skeptic Speaks Out About Scandinavia

DAYTON, OHIO—Will you permit me to contradict a statement made in Mr. George Sylvester Viereck's article, "Why America Will Never Go Nudist"? In Mr. Viereck's article, which, incidentally, appears to be highly exaggerated, he makes the statement that "in Scandinavian countries men and women disport themselves at the seashore and in swimming pools without the apology of a loin cloth. In Sweden gay youths and gay young women play tennis in the nude."

I beg your pardon, but I was born in Sweden and lived for twenty years in the Scandinavian countries and I have never heard of such a thing. Even though the Scandinavian countries are quite modern and progressive, such a movement could not possibly have taken place since my last visit, nor would I have failed to hear about it.

Finn Magnus

It is quite true that males as well as females enjoy the healthful sun rays in the nude, but this takes place in separate pools or specially built places along the seashore without mingling of sexes.

I do not believe Mr. Viereck has his information from a reliable source or that he has ever visited the Scandinavian countries.—*Finn Magnus.*

Vetoed. We Trust Our Women

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I cheat you plenty every week. I read Princess Kropotkin's remarks which are addressed to ladies only.

No use your sending word to the Greek on the corner not to sell Liberty to me any more—because I can borrow it from my bootlegger if I have to.

You might put things in reverse, and gain a lot of women readers by having someone write an equally interesting page addressed to men only.—*M. M. M.*

Imagine What You Give Us

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Whether I read you at home or at the corner speakeasy makes little difference. You give me a headache either way.—*Carl.*

You Wrong Us. Canada Has Had a Number of Prizes

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—We would like to have a try for some of Liberty's contest prizes, but, owing to the fact that we have never seen or heard of a cash prize being awarded in Canada, we hesitate to compete.

Edward Chard

The fact that every Canadian five-cent piece spent buying a Liberty enhances the circulation and popularity of your magazine is self-evident.

Since Canadians help to popularize Liberty, the question arises: are Canadians barred from prizes, or is it just prejudice?

Give the people that you depend on for circulation a little encouragement, to support that circulation.—*Edward Chard.*

A Lot of People Have Tried This

VIKING, ALTA., CAN.—Vox Pop, here's a new suggestion which might be taken into consideration to settle the liquor question. What about appealing to all nations, tribes, and peoples of the earth to shoulder their share of the burden in an attempt to totally annihilate booze by consuming it faster than it can be produced?

Trade has been killed by overproduction. Why not kill booze by overconsumption?—*Oliver S. Sloan.*

You'd Have Spoiled the Story

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I can't say I fell for Janet A. Holmes' story, "Love Is a Laughing Matter." It threw such a ridiculous light on womankind in general. The author actually defends the choice of a girl who prefers a husband who is a woman-chaser, because he can

make her laugh, to a sane and faithful mate who wouldn't cause her to scream with laughter.

I say she should have chosen the good man and had him promise to wear a monkey on his shoulder. Convulsing beasts, monkeys. Perfect arrangement for a girl whose veins were filled with giggle water.—*Louise S.*

Pop

Yes, Ma'am, How They Would!

BALTIMORE, MD.—I read your anonymous article, "Mother-in-law o' Mine," and it expressed my own thoughts with such clearness and force that I wanted to let out a cheer. I, too, am married to an only son, and my life with him would have been almost perfect, I do

believe, except for my mother-in-law. She has made us both miserable.

Here's a thought. Why not have young men who have lost both parents tell the world their status by wearing badges? How the girls would run after them!—*Also Anonymous.*

Mother Earth—or Asphalt?

LYONS, OHIO—Mary Noble's article relative to the back-to-the-land movement, entitled "The Trek to the Farm," puzzled me greatly. She seemed to imply that this movement is a good thing. But if the State of Mississippi foreclosed on 60,000 farm families in one day, why advise others to lose all they have in such a venture? If the government wants to help farmers, why not help those already on farms?

By what line of reasoning can anyone arrive at the idea that farming is a good business for the city poor when those already engaged in it are failing everywhere?—*Burdett Baker.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—On the whole, Mary Noble's fine article, "The Trek to the Farm," was encouraging to those who want to go back to the land. She gave us specific instances of people who fled from the pitiless cities and made good on farms.

From her figures it is apparent that, all over the U. S. A., families are getting disgusted with the disappointments of their brick-and-asphalt prisons, and setting out for green fields with fresh hope. Good luck to them!—*Bertha S.*

From a Brave Man

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—When an old-fashioned woman, with the dead ideas of a decade ago, such as our Vox-Popping friend M. H. Van Hollen, takes her pen in hand to defend the prerogatives of the female species it makes lots of us burst with laughter.

Women, in spite of their association, for many thousands of years, with their betters, the men, have not made even a faint imprint in the book of first-magnitude accomplishments—neither in literature nor science nor music. Because some of them are gifted with "smart aleckism" they should not put in a claim for unwarranted recognition.

The women we men love and adore are not and never will be this type. The really clever woman knows the lay of the land and acts accordingly. The circumstances surrounding the fact that there are so many women with million-dollar incomes should enlighten their boisterous but less clever sisters. They have what they have got by being daughters or wise wives of men of accomplishment. They knew how to work their men.

In this, women are undoubtedly supreme!—*D. Eyoub.*

Seen from a Distance, We Are Swell

LONDON, ENGLAND—I sometimes find a copy of Liberty in a parcel of papers sent to me by a friend in Canada, and feel that I must write and congratulate you upon a very excellent and well got up magazine—a wonderful production at the price.

B. Simmons, Jr.

The trouble with some of those American fault-finders who write to Vox Pop may be that they lack detachment. Here in England we can get perspective on American periodicals. That's why we're sure that Liberty's a good magazine.—*B. Simmons, Jr.*

Let's Consider We've Shaken Hands on It

BALTIMORE, MD.—Your editorial, "Well, Let's Be Cheerful," is worth the price of the magazine for ten years.

Health, something to eat, a place to sleep, and a few dollars besides—the rest is all trouble.

Keep up the good work! As you say, "To hell with the pessimists."—*Howard C. Beck.*

Another Vote for Wagner

SAN MARINO, CALIF.—Congratulations to you, and to Senator Robert F. Wagner, on that article, "Danger Ahead!"

Clear and concise, yes—but, what is important, he diagnosed our true afflictions and offered a straightforward doctrine of Americanism without thought of petty party principles.

This article actually gave evidence that there is at least one member of Congress who understands the conditions and feelings of the people throughout the nation.—*Mark B. Duffield.*

"The Lost Race of Grenada" Rouses a Reader

MIAMI, FLA.—Apropos "The Lost Race of Grenada," by Clement Wood:

If the author were not too lazy to go to the public library and do some research work, he would know why the poor whites he describes became imbeciles. They were the war prisoners brought over to the West Indies during the Cromwell wars. They were branded like cattle and sold, for so many pounds of sugar per head, to work on the plantations of their conquerors.

If American pioneers had started their life in America in the same way, who knows?—they might have become imbeciles also. Those men were broken down even before they were dumped on foreign soil, while our pioneers came voluntarily, strong and well equipped for their time.

The malignant influence of the tropics had very little to do with the downfall of the lost race of Grenada. It is not what the tropics did to the white men. It is what their fellow men did to them.

By the way, they are called redlegs, not yellowlegs, on account of the red breeches they wore during the Cromwell wars. As for them saluting the Negro postman—why, when I lived in the West Indies I learned to salute every passer-by; it is just a gesture of politeness. Everyone is doing it, not only poor whites. These are only a few of the errors with which Clement Wood's article is teeming.—*Maria Moravsky.*

Yes—Daddy's Spanking Hurt Us More than It Did Her

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Our little girl is one of the dearest children I ever saw. At least she was until everyone began to talk about Liberty in her hearing; then she became forward, impertinent, and altogether a sort of smart-jack.

Her father lost patience and whipped her. "Now will you be good?" he demanded.

"I *am* good, daddy," she sobbed. "I was just trying to be bright so you could make five dollars off me from a Bright Saying."

Now, aren't you ashamed, Liberty?—*Mrs. L. S.*

Ham *and* Eggs

A Short Short Story

By

VERNA LAW
and
ROBERT A. REAMER

(Reading time: 5 min. 8 sec.)

HE was young, he was broke, and he was hungry. South State Street stretched emptily ahead of him into the night. He was cold and tired and homesick. Down and out and friendless. The occasional blurred splotch of a lighted window leered at him through the mist. Young . . . broke . . . hungry. God! but he was hungry.

His left hand groped into his coat pocket. He knew before he fingered it that there was only one cigarette remaining in the crumpled package. A smile jerked his mouth. He placed the cigarette in a corner of the smile, struck a match, and carefully shielded the flame of it between his hands. Deliberately he blew it out. He had not lighted the cigarette.

Dan turned up his coat collar against the wind which tore through the dampness down the cross-town streets like the Limited along its track. He lowered his head and tackled a cross street, wishing desperately that the wind would pick him up and carry him with it—on and on, away from this lousy town with its dirty sucker-seekers, back to the West where he belonged. He reined his thoughts brutally back to reality as his foot touched the opposite curb. What the hell! Had he lost his mind as well as his money in this burg? He wasn't a quitter. He had seen it through to his last nickel, to his last—literally his last—cigarette. Could a man be called a quitter if then he admitted he wanted to clear out, to get back home where he belonged?

It had been two days since he had eaten, two days in which he had grimly stuck it out. But now—he'd swap his soul for ham and eggs!

Another gusty, rain-swept cross street loomed before him. Once more Dan lowered his head.

Suddenly from around the corner of a building a man, walking briskly, came to a dead standstill in front of him. Dan looked up, startled. For a brief second their eyes met.

"Here, buddy," the man said tensely, and shifted something from his pocket to Dan's. "Keep this for me."

Dan took an involuntary step backward. The man brushed by and continued rapidly down the street in the direction from which Dan had come.

Again someone appeared from around the corner. A policeman. He hurried past Dan without a glance. Dan's eyes followed him, fascinated. In a few paces the cop had overtaken the first man. They both stopped. Dan could not hear their words, but he saw the policeman frisk the man. Then they started on together down the street and disappeared in the foggy rain.

Dan cautiously slipped his hand into his coat pocket. His fingers touched cold steel.

Dazedly he withdrew the gun and stared at it. For several minutes he did not move. Suddenly he replaced it in his pocket and glanced hastily around him. The street was as empty as before.

A gun! His hand tightened around it. For the second time he looked about him guiltily, and then abruptly crossed the street in the opposite direction from that which the cop and the gunman had taken. He walked half a block at a steady pace under the impetus of his confused thoughts. Then, trembling violently, he sought the shelter of a doorway and desperately lighted his last cigarette. The first long drag felt warm and mellow in his lungs. He leaned back against the doorway.

Beyond the doorway he noticed a dimly lighted shop. At the far end of the narrow store a little old man stood leaning over the counter, counting a roll of bills. Closing up for the night. Counting his money.

"Money," Dan murmured, his hand clenching the revolver. "Ham and eggs," he said aloud, exhaling smoke against the pane of the door—"and coffee."

The thought flashed through his mind that the door might not be locked. Somehow he could not bring his other hand to try the knob.

If the door were unlocked it would be easy! The firm grip of his right hand around the revolver told him how easy it would be. His left hand reached out, jerked back, raised to his lips and removed the cigarette. His eyes were glued to the old man inside, rhythmically numbering off the money—money that meant food.

God! he didn't want to *steal!* He didn't want to hold the gun in the old man's face and take away his money. He didn't want to be a thief, a gunman, a hunted man! He wanted food, that was all, and a freight car headed west.

The old man half turned toward the door, glancing away from the money in his hands to an object in the case; meditated; and, apparently satisfied, went back to tantalizing . . . counting . . .

While the man's eyes had rested perilously near the door, Dan had not moved. Now Dan raised his cigarette with his left hand once more, took three short puffs from it, and flung it behind him on to the wet pavement. The fingers of his right hand tightened around the revolver. The fingers of his left closed over the door knob; his thumb pressed down. The door opened in.

Ten measured steps and his arm was on the counter, his body between the gun in his hand and the misted window behind him.

THE old man looked up, peering over his glasses. Their eyes met—held. Dan moved the gun an inch forward menacingly, but he did not speak. He had meant to say, "Hands up!" but no words came.

Across the counter the old man's eyes still appraised him, shrewdly, speculatively—his face, his clothes, the gun in his hand; then deliberately he looked away and began counting the bills again.

"On the gun," he said casually, disinterestedly, "I can gif you only three dollars."

Dan stared at him. He felt numb, dazed. Three dollars—three precious dollars—on the gun. Slowly he laid the gun on the counter.

"Three dollars?" he repeated helplessly, questioningly.

The old man picked up the gun and examined it carefully, broke it, dropping the cartridges on the counter.

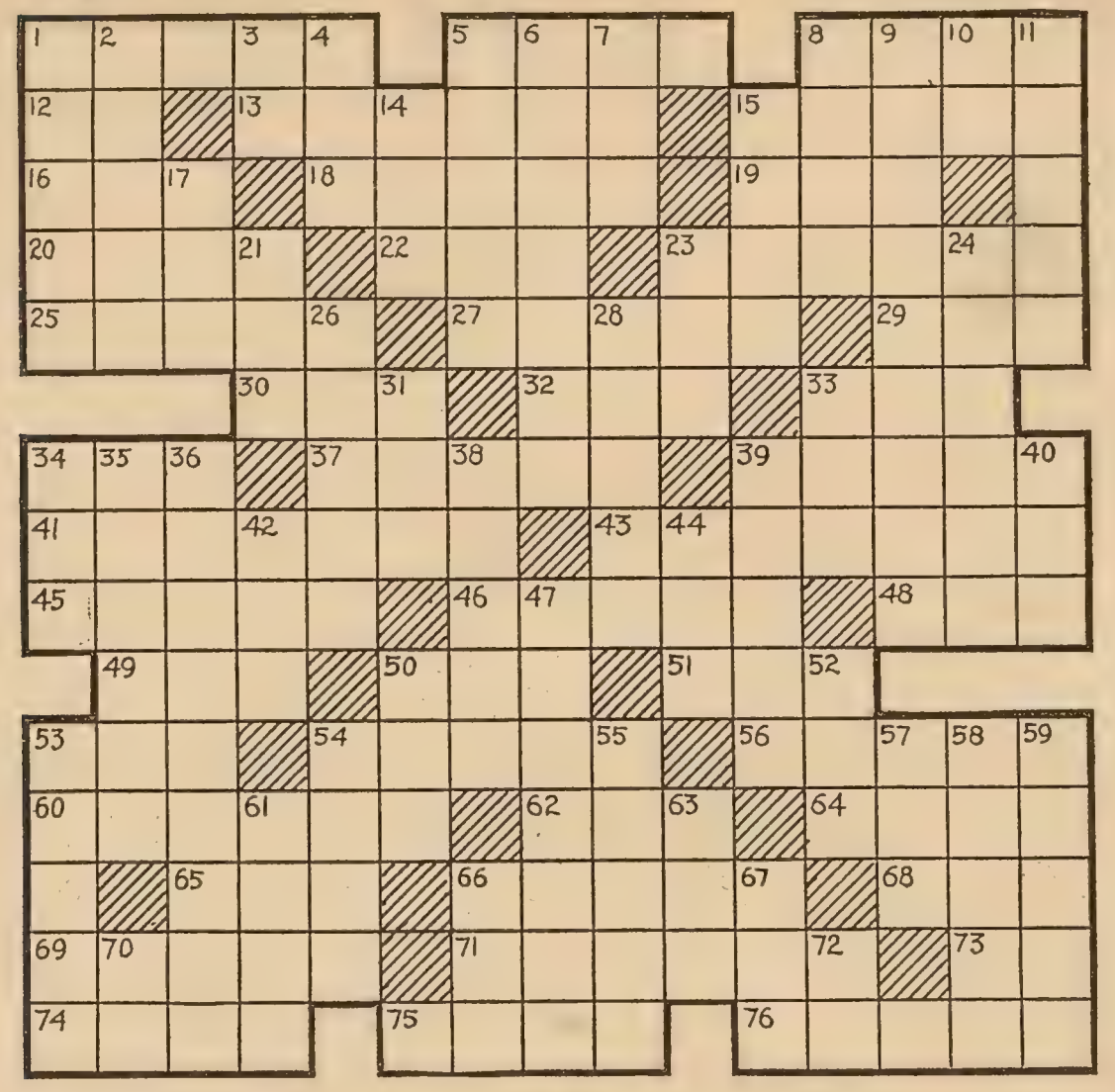
Again his keen eyes met Dan's. "You are not of the city," he said shrewdly. "You haf had hard luck, *hein?* Vell—to you I do a favor; I make it four dollars."

Dan braced his body against the counter with both free hands. Dizzily he watched the old man count off, painstakingly, not three but four one-dollar bills.

THE END

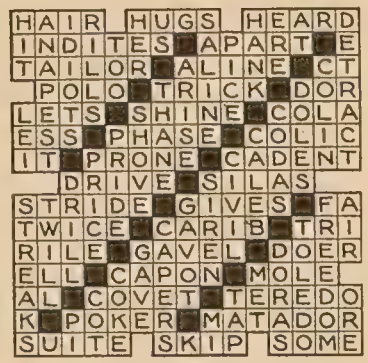
Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Cross Words — A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Bedaub
5 Conform to metrical rules
8 Filthy covering floating on a liquid
12 Exclamation
13 Wall separating two cavities (biol.)
15 Available
16 From the inside of
18 A coronet
19 Cooking utensil
20 Toward the sea
22 A thing of no account
23 Tract of soft, wet ground
25 One of ten equal parts
27 Rekindled
29 Female deer
30 Consume
32 Married
33 A tree
34 One hundred thousand
37 Become overheated or parched
39 Partially carbonized vegetable material (plural)
41 Members of a South African tribe
43 Village in Massachusetts
45 Wind round a cleat
46 Luster
48 Comprehend
49 No
50 A mound
51 A bill
53 Ecclesiastic's title (abbr.)
54 Scrimper
56 Liquid measure (var.)



Answer to last week's puzzle

60 Peaceful
62 Grassland
64 Deity of ancient Semitic races
65 Fabulous bird
66 Mortgages
68 Lip of a cup
69 Exultant
71 Set down in writing
73 Japanese measure
74 Renowned Italian actress
75 Solicits alms
76 German rifleman (var.)

VERTICAL

1 A young hog
2 A swelling worked in rope
3 While
4 Steep
5 One of a series of steps
6 Birds of the snipe family
7 Ecclesiastical wine vessel
8 Box
9 Natives of a British domain
10 A city of Babylonia
11 River in France
14 Something used in a bowling alley
15 A particular place
17 Five and five
21 Partook of nourishment
23 Middle
24 Sally
26 One who is rapacious
28 River of forgetfulness (myth.)
31 Moreover
33 Boggy land
34 A tennis stroke
35 An officer of the king's stables (hist.)
36 County in California
38 Equines
39 A pad or cushion
40 Compass point
42 Woman's name
44 Japanese coin
47 Leaning over
50 A twitching
52 To tipple
53 Severed by splitting
54 Small rodents
55 Tall grasses
57 A dark, oily liquid
58 To elevate
59 Man's name
61 Take cognizance of
63 Species of blackbird
66 Prevaricate
67 A filthy habitation
70 Symbol for an element
72 Assyrian deity

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:

The correct amount of Milk of Magnesia in Squibb's scientifically balanced formula helps to combat decay.

GERM-ACID attacks stealthily and gives no warning. Before decay becomes advanced, protect your teeth by regular, twice-a-day brushings with Squibb Dental Cream. *Its scientifically balanced formula includes the correct amount of Milk of Magnesia — a mild, effective antacid.* It cleans the teeth thoroughly, helping to check the forces of decay.

Squibb's is *safe.* It contains no grit or irritant — nothing that can injure teeth or gums. You'll like its clean, refreshing taste, and its safe polishing action.

Don't give germ-acid a chance. Get Squibb's, in the big, economical tube, from your druggist tonight.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Cincinnatus.
2—Impaired sense of smell.
3—Lake Itasca, Minnesota.
4—39.37.
5—Abraham Lincoln.
6—Three: David G. Farragut, David Dixon Porter, George Dewey.
7—Inez de Castro, queen of Dom Pedro of Portugal.
8—Torquemada.
9—Brazil.
10—Land removed by the sudden action of water from one estate and added to another.
11—Dust, filth, or refuse removed from spices, drugs, etc.
12—$250,000.
13—Cosima Wagner.
14—From hoochinoo, a distilled liquor made by Alaska Indians.
15—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
16—The Gold Coast of Africa, on account of prevalent fevers.
17—Arkansas.
18—A compendium containing the heads of a discourse, treatise, or the like.
19—A pestilence affecting domestic animals.
20—In Bombay, India.

Diana's Diary

Fame and Fortune Smile, but the Dream Man's Family Frown

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 8 min. 3 sec.)

MONDAY: Yuhno Diary, ever since I won that beauty contest I've been run ragged. Wherever I go I'm mobbed. The simpler sex cling to me like a wart. I'm getting so fed up with Johns complimenting me on my looks, I'm all out of shape. All I've been doing is going against dude parties, trick eats and ample matinees, don't think I haven't. Good crimps, if I ever get a small chance to wrap the body around a short order of corned beef and cabbage *alone*, without listening to a load of gee-gee, I'm yours for the making. No fooling, these guys give me a pain in the eck-nay. It ain't the heat that's ruining me—it's the stupidity. All you have to do is grab yourself a chunk of fame and you can't call your soul your own.

TUESDAY: Trecked into the National Bank today and stached the $1,000 check I won in the beauty contest. Whoops, my dear, the first thing I know I'll be giving away dimes like Mr. Socony. Yes, and then they say beauty is only skin deep. I laf. Maybe. But if winning beauty prizes means anything, it certainly looks perf on the bank book.

On the level, every time I think of *me*, the hick kid bouncing out of a flag stop in Montana, and being able to give the pass book a set of four numbers, I yell. Page me boys and girls. I'm raving!!

All kidding aside, the first thing I'm going to do is write a fifty buck check for the janitor's wife. Her old man was stretched six weeks ago when his plumbing went haywire, and ever since the poor woman's been struggling to keep the kids from starving. Gosh, fifty bucks don't mean a thing to *me* right now, but to *her* it's a million.

Good grief, if we can't help one another when we're *down*, what's the use of living?

Listen Diary, we drew a new colored hallboy in the apartment today. Oh, and is he sunburned? I've seen some smoked darkies before, but this jig sure has a coat of New Orleans tan. I'll bet they have to put a lantern on his head to find him.

Well, tonight's the night I've been waiting for all my life. My great big blue eyed Dream Man and I are going to step out and frolic. Yep, he's going to take me to the Embassy to dine. Oh, will *I* get dolled up? Honestly, he won't be able to tell me from Mr. Bennett's little girl Joan when I leave the mirror.

WEDNESDAY: Diary, I'm floating. I'm so head over heels in love I don't know what I'm doing, really I don't. Just to think of poor little *me*, Diana McCoy, the manicurist, being lucky enough to fall in love with a wonderful boy like C. David Manton, the son of a millionaire. Well, it's just too priceless for words, honestly it is. Good grief, if I don't get myself throttled down pretty soon, I'll be getting myself measured for the nut hatch. Truly, he's too darling for words. "I love you, Diana" is what he told me, holding my hand at the Embassy, "you're so different from the social set I travel with." He said his father owns a flock of polo ponies and their country place at Westbury, Long Island, is a mere bungalow with eighty or ninety odd rooms. No kidding, I had to pull it out of him.

Why, he talks about mansions like I brag about knick-knacks in the five and ten.

All my life I've been praying to meet a *regular man*, a man of refinement who can teach me something. Somebody I can admire, look up to, and make a fuss over. Good crimps, I'm so sick and tired of being pushed around by ham and eggers and weak minded saps I'm just about goofy. Golly, I never dreamed of meeting a Dream Man like *him*. Truly I didn't. Sometimes I wonder what it's all about. I keep thinking to myself that I must be in a daze but it *is* true Diary, it *is* true. I know because I *did* ride in his great big beautiful car. I'm not crazy. I *did* sit opposite him last night at the Embassy and he *did* tell me he loved me. Well, what if he has polo ponies and swell homes and oodles of money? What then?

Is that any reason for me to get scared? Maybe some day I *will* become Mrs. C. David Manton. Who knows?

I'll bet the folks back home in Missoula would burn up alright if they read something like this in the papers—Diana McCoy, Brakeman's Daughter, Marries Multi-millionaire. Ha-ha and a couple or three he-hes.

You're silly Diana thinking of marrying a man like that. Good grief, why should *he* marry *you* when he's all boxed in with beautiful frails and debs from New York's four hundred? Is that so? Well, *I'm* just as good as *he* is any day. I've made a rep thru being on the level even if I am a manicurist and an orphan, and I won the big beauty prize didn't I? Yes and that ain't all. I'm going in the Follies or Scandals and maybe some day I'll be going out to Cali-film-ia and act in pictures and *be* somebody.

If he don't like my being a manicurist and a actress he can go to ——

No I don't mean that Diary. Honest I don't. I'll take it all back. He's the sweetest man that ever lived. *I love him* Diary—I do, I do, I do! I guess I'm going nuts. Oh gosh here it is nearly two ayem and I'm still raving. Alright, I'll quilt myself down but thank heaven it's all true. Goodnight shirt!

THURSDAY: This is the day I meet the big exhibitor of the American frail, George White. This big footlight gent has offered me a chance in his show to knock the bald headed row for a flock of cab-anias—if you know what I mean? Right now I'm so het up I don't know what I'm doing.

Really, when a girl gets an invite from a man like him, it's an honor, and she must have something to be proud of, take it from me.

Well, me and my *manager*—ahem, Mr. Teddy Brown, late of Tab's sporting kolyum—are going to crash the big shot and get a line on the job and things pertaining to pieces of eight.

My Gawd, Diary, if I keep on getting offers like this I'll be having my chapeaus made by Ringling's big top department—Boopee-de-oop, boop-boop-boop! Zowie! I think I'll just pour myself a weeny teeny shot of silly syrup before I leave so's I'll get into the spirit of the thing. Oh yeah!

When Georgie lays eyes on *me*, I'll look so intrigueing he will be willing to sign anything including an insurance policy.

FRIDAY: Well, I done and did it. Yep, the Arcade Barber Shop is going to lose their booful nail polisher, no

MAYBE some day I'll be going out to Cali-film-ia and act in pictures and be somebody.

fooling. From now on, Diana McCoy is going to step high, wide and hansome in Georgie White's Scandals. Honestly, I'm thrilled pink.

I just can't imagine myself being a show girl and kicking holes in chandaliers, but that's what I get for being famous.

Mr. White was perfectly duckie to me, and after I heard that two of my girl friends from Texas were hoofing in the Scandals, I just stached my moniker on the fractured line. I'll bet when Maryalyse and Leela see me percolating in for rehearsal they'll just about pass out.

The first thing I'm going to do tomorrow is write David and tell him all about it. You dear sweet thing, I'm going to give your picture a big big —— (smack).

SATURDAY:

(SPECIAL DELIVERY)

Mr. C. DAVID MANTON,
Westbury, Long Island.
Listen David.

What do you think, sweetheart, your little girl friend has gone and gotten herself a job in George White's Scandals. Honest, I'm all of a quivver. Mr. White said I was "so beautiful" he's going to feature me in the "front line." Can you imagine it? Truly, I just can't wait for the opening night to have you *see* me.

Please call me up, dear, I'm lonesome.

All my love,
DIANA.

Marion Laye traipsed in to see me tonight. Her new sweetie took her to the lispies to get an order of Tarzan, the Ape Man. My Gawd, ever since, she's been fit to be tied. All she does is rave about Johnny Weismuller. A howl, ain't it? She says "after seeing *him*, her boy friend looks like the uptown end of a nightmare." At that, we're all alike, each one of us have a favorite screen star.

SUNDAY:

WESTERN UNION

XW 116 10-TDAM WESTBURY NY 11 130 AE
MISS DIANA MC COY
WEST END AVENUE NEW YORK
TICKLED TO DEATH YOU HAVE JOINED SCANDALS STOP FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE I CANT LET MY FAMILY KNOW STOP WILL EXPLAIN ALL LATER

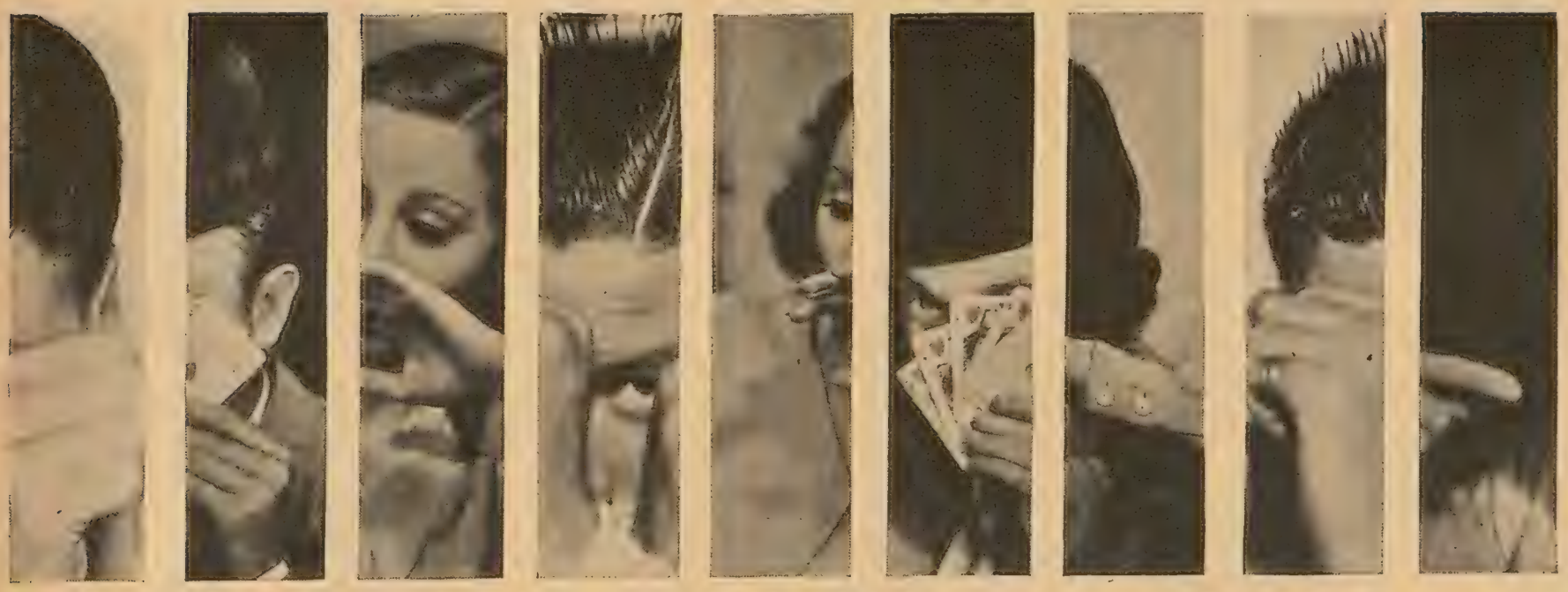
DAVID

Oh gosh, oh gee, Diary, now what's up? I'll bet if his family ever knew he was going with an *actress* they'd raise hell. It's just my luck to have something like that happen.

I suppose they want him to marry some ritzy Park Avenue snob with sport cars and yachts and a french accent. Good grief, what's going to happen now?

Some further adventures of Diana will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

$2,500



MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

254 Cash Prizes Well Worth Winning—
Begin Your Entry Right Now!

ABOVE, Puzzle No. 2 of the Movie Mystery Contest brings you the scrambled portraits of three more of the better known movie players to assemble correctly and identify. Here is another opportunity to test your knowledge of the great and near great of moviedom.

Who are the three pictured in this week's puzzle? Perhaps you can name them all at a glance. Perhaps, on the other hand, only after pasting the strips in their proper order and scrutinizing them carefully will you be able to determine the correct names. One thing is certain! Liberty will pay big cash prizes for the 254 best entries submitted at the close of the contest. Your chance to be among the winners is excellent—providing you enter.

You can't win unless you submit an entry.

First of all cut the nine strips apart and arrange them into three pictures. Then identify them and file them away until your set of thirty is complete. Do not send in less than a complete set of thirty. If by any chance you missed the first puzzle of this series, which appeared last week, you still may get into the game. Just send a post card asking for Puzzle No. 1, and it will be mailed to you without charge. Solve it upon its arrival and you will then be on even terms with the contestants who started last week. Send your request to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

CROSS WORD AWARDS NOTICE

Space is not available in this issue for the publication of the names of winners in the July 2 Cross Word Competition. However, checks are being mailed to each winner forthwith, and the correct solution of the puzzle and the names of winners will be printed at the earliest opportunity.

THE RULES

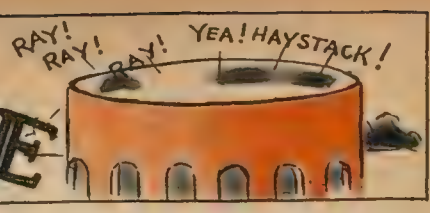
1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

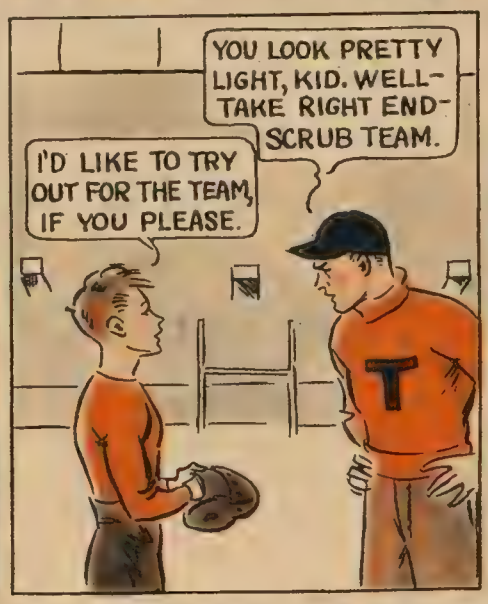
First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Two Prizes, each $50	100
Four Prizes, each $25	100
Forty-five Prizes, each $10	450
200 Prizes, each $5	1,000
254 Prizes—Total	$2,500

NEXT WEEK MOVIE MYSTERY PUZZLE NO. 3 WILL TAKE YOU ANOTHER BIG STEP TOWARD THE PRIZES

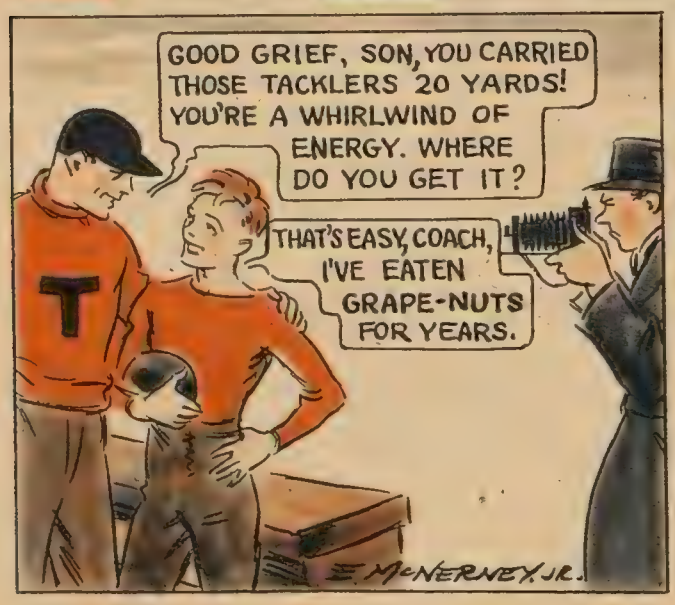
HAYSTACK HITS HIS STRIDE



EXCUSE ME, SIR. IS THIS WHERE I FIND THE FOOT BALL COACH?
IF IT ISN'T HAYSTACK, THE PRIDE OF THE PRAIRIES! I CAN SEE WHERE OUR STAR HALF-BACK LOSES HIS JOB.
TAIT COLLEGE GYMNASIUM
T



THAT KID HAYSTACK IS A REGULAR RUBBER-BALL! HE'S MADE THE LAST FIVE TACKLES FOR TAIT! IF HE CAN STOP 'EM ONCE MORE IT'LL BE TAIT'S BALL!
ABC


GOOD GRIEF, SON, YOU CARRIED THOSE TACKLERS 20 YARDS! YOU'RE A WHIRLWIND OF ENERGY. WHERE DO YOU GET IT?
THAT'S EASY, COACH, I'VE EATEN GRAPE-NUTS FOR YEARS.
T
E. McNERNEY, JR.

GRAPE-NUTS IS PACKED WITH NOURISHMENT! IN FACT, SERVED WITH WHOLE MILK OR CREAM, IT SUPPLIES MORE VARIED NOURISHMENT THAN MANY A HEARTY MEAL! AND ITS DELICIOUS KERNELS ENCOURAGE THE THOROUGH CHEWING WHICH HELPS TEETH AND GUMS TO KEEP FIT. **GRAPE-NUTS** IS A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS.

GET GRAPE-NUTS AT YOUR GROCER'S, OR MAIL COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL PACKAGE.

GENERAL FOODS, L. 8-32
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free sample of Grape-Nuts, and the booklet "Happier Days From Better Breakfasts."

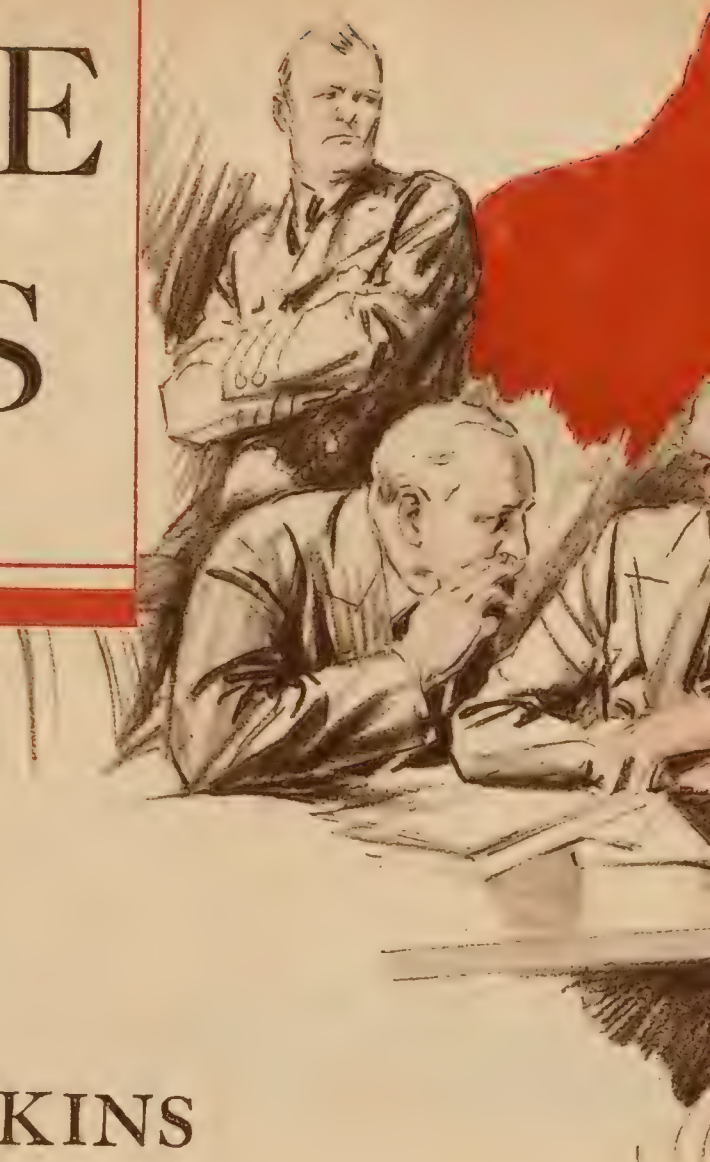
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.
In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.

NO MORE ORCHIDS



Seeing the World Through Tony's Eyes—The Man Who Couldn't Fight Back—Struggling Through the Muddle—A Crook Gets His—Can Anne Find Happiness?

By GRACE PERKINS

(Reading time: 31 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

OFTEN I thought of Tony and saw myself—my old self—as he had seen me; and saw life and hardship and the world as he had seen it and had tried to tell me of it. . . . Suppose these men and women here around me, stopping in their overworked days to bring me gifts—suppose most of them had what I had when I was "poor" in New York—so "poor" I couldn't live! How wealthy and comfortable they'd feel! . . .

A year ago, if I had visited up here, I'd have pitied the lives of these people and considered it an impossibility to face. Now I was living their life with them—in a house half built, half ruined—and I was happy, interested, content!

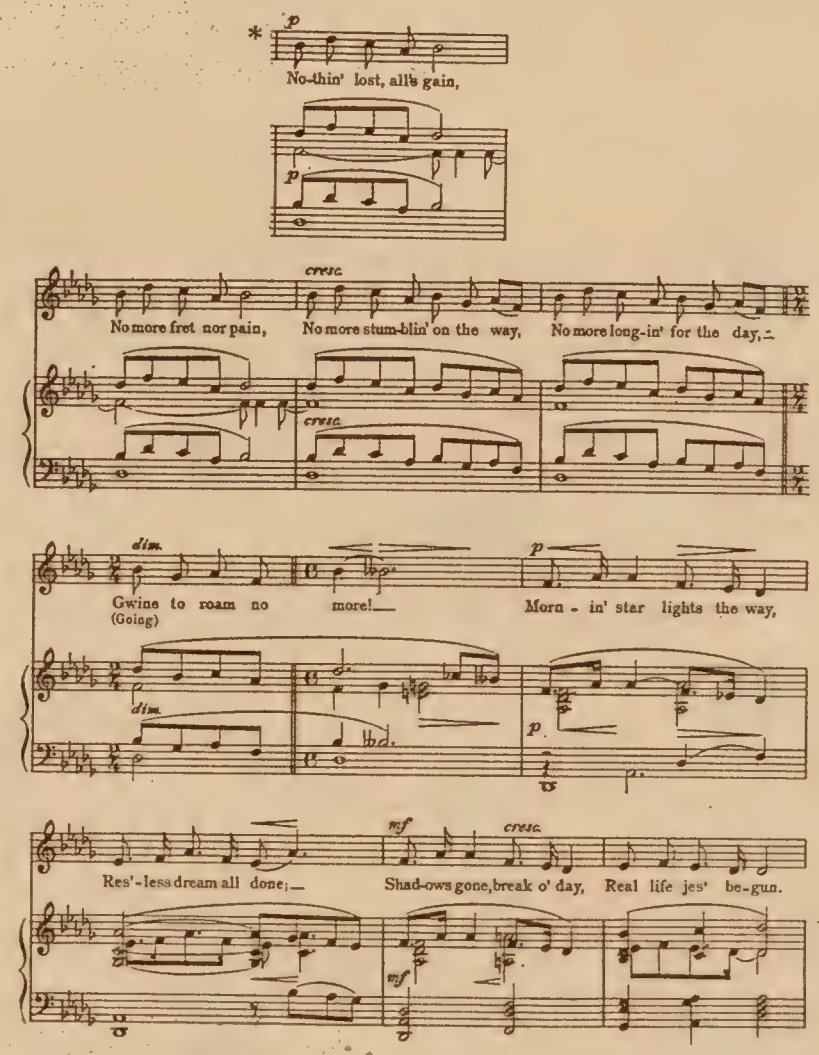
It's all a matter of viewpoint—of comparison.

These are hard times—hard times! Everyone talks of it. So many faces are discouraged—so many have given up in despair in the face of these "hard times."

We're so soft—the poorest of us—with easy living that we've lost the heritage of that old endurance, that old imperishable dream in the heart. We've tried to get something for nothing—to make money appear out of the air—through speculation; and when that failed us, we had no spirit to sweat and strain and ache. Our parents did—*their* parents did. We don't know how!

That's what Tony tried to intimate. . . . It was that certain knowledge that made him seem lofty and contemptuous when he said I could never be happy in his world. I saw now what he meant when he said my world would destroy him. How often I wondered where he was, and, if he thought of me, what dreadful things he thought. . . . But though I wanted to talk of him, I couldn't bring myself to. The words would clot in my throat. I could talk to gran of Nina, and of Bill and Cramps and my life and my friends. . . . I could even confess what a rotten lousy failure I had been in those first eight months after Bill's death. . . . I could tell her of Carlos, of Jerome. . . .

But one night, working together, the radio blew me wide open. . . . A warm contralto voice singing:


No-thin' lost, all's gain,
No more fret nor pain, No more stum-blin' on the way, No more long-in' for the day,
Gwine to roam no more! (Going)
Morn - in' star lights the way,
Res'-less dream all done;
Shad-ows gone, break o' day, Real life jes' be-gun.

And I bent my head farther over my sewing, and the

* Excerpts from Goin' Home used by special permission of Oliver Ditson Co., Inc., owner of the copyright.

THE day Jerome Cedric went on trial was one of the bitterest joys of my life. For two days I took the witness stand against him.

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

stitches blurred, and the needle trembled and pricked my finger, and the tears fell unwarranted and stained the cloth. . . . And I felt gran's hand on my shoulder. No word—no question. Just that hand on my shoulder. And before I knew it I was in her arms, my head on her lap, crying my heart out . . . and telling her. . . . I looked up into her sharp, lashless old eyes, and told her everything—even of that night before he sailed, and of how I could never convince him that there hadn't been others, and of the night he had found me with Glenn, and struck me across the mouth. . . .

And when I had sobbed it out, I got up and stood gazing into the huge fire of apple wood.

"I suppose you're horribly shocked." I laughed ruefully.

"Why, my dear!" She looked mildly reproachful. "Do you think sin is confined to cities? Do you think we outlanders never hear of sex except through books? I don't usually mention the fact, but your grandfather and I lived together before we got married. Yes, we did. That's why we *were* married!"

She laughed reminiscently—coyly.

"We were too young, you see." She nodded knowingly. "He was nineteen; I was a little past sixteen. But somehow we couldn't keep apart. We were married, after that first time we were together—down by the sea. . . ."

"Gran—you funny old darling!"

"Your man will come back," she put in her thrust swiftly. "Yes, he will. You wait and see."

I shook my head.

"If he did—what would it mean, gran? He loathes me. . . ."

"WELL, he'll come back. Some day. They always do. And, if you never get him, Anne, you must be ready for the day he comes back. So that you'll have his respect then, if you have nothing else. His admiration. So that he'll see how wrong he was. Because he was wrong! You're a wonderful girl. You're Bill's daughter, and you couldn't be anything but a thoroughbred. Once a fool don't mean always a fool. I don't reckon you aim to keep on making the same mistakes.

"Folks may miss their footing once and fall over the cliff—but folks don't make a regular habit of fallin' off the same cliff. Huh?"

I went over to kiss her.

"Gran," I said solemnly, "some day I'm going to put

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

you to music. I wish—I wish I'd known you when I was a little girl."

"Wished you had!" she snapped. "You'd never have been drinking, let me tell you. I would have known what to do. Bill drank, and his father drank, and all the Holts were one for a bottle. I would have smashed the bottle over your head before I'd let you swallow a mouthful!"

"Oh, gran—I can lay off!" I laughed.

"Um-m. They all said that—all of them. But, I warn you, don't touch the stuff. It's in your blood."

"Well, none of the Holts died of delirium tremens, did they?"

"They can thank their womenfolks. They always had a faculty for picking out fine women, the Holts. It's whom they married that made the Holts every time, take it from me. They are horses that need good hitching, the Holts, and somebody in the saddle that knows how to ride."

I stared into the fire with an abstracted smile. The woman he married made Bill what he was—God knows!

FEBRUARY came and grew adult, and the world was an endless stretch of white. Frozen icy boughs and white roofs . . . a clean, purged, but strange world. . . . I knew nothing of this place; it was an unexplored land; I barely knew where the main street was or how one got from one place to another.

But I knew myself. I knew myself much better. My weaknesses and my strengths—my limitless ignorance; and inside of me I was a white, frozen, ice-blanketed world, too . . . ready to thaw out and spring up afresh. Gran's words haunted me and gave me a comfort that I was a bit ashamed of and tried to kid about. But it was there. Some day—I'd see Tony again. I might be as old as gran. But some day I'd point to my life and let him examine and acknowledge credit. . . .

I was still gazing at the words through a blur of tears.

I became aware that gran was troubled. Restless. Thoughtful. Gathering together her forces—all set for a new fight of some sort.

She sprang it one fresh overbright sun-dazzled morning. Called me to our meeting corner before the fire and sprang it—papers in her hands, a mad-dog light in her watery old eyes.

"You're goin' to New York!" she told me calmly.

"Yes?"

"I got the money. I got the money for everything. I sold off the north-end lot . . ."

"Gran!"

"That's nothing!" she protested impatiently. "I'll sell off every handful of dirt I own. And the house too. I'll go to the home down the way if I have to. So now forget it and listen to me. Read that!"

I picked up the newspaper she handed me, and sat down to read carefully. I hadn't seen a newspaper in months, but evidently gran read them constantly. Gran subscribed to a New York paper, and practically memorized it. . . .

The Appellate Division was about to hear the appeal of the three Puritan Bank men convicted last summer. Chadwick, the Superintendent of Banks, had evidently been drawn into the mess. Already he was under investigation and the accusations against him were no sneezing matter. . . . I couldn't quite gather it all. I never had understood the peculiar vagaries of the disgraceful tangle of the bank's business. But in among the questions and answers were references to Bill—damning accusations against Bill. *Now* they were heaping the entire blame on his dead shoulders!

I looked up at gran, and felt strangely stirred by the quivering rage of her thin, bloodless lips.

"They're calling my boy a crook!" she blazed. "And, by the good God in his heaven that knows mercy and justice, they'll eat their words and it'll turn their stomachs. You're going down to New York. You're going to tell them . . ."

"But, gran dear, I don't know anything about. . . ."

"Find out!" She brought her tiny fist down on the arm of the wheel chair. "Go find out! You can do it. You must. You hear me? If I had my legs I'd do it. . . . By God, I'd show them! Every last bloody liar of them. I don't care if you work night and day. . . . I don't care if you never sleep. . . . I don't care what it costs. . . . You go down and see them. Go to the Governor—go to anybody you can think of—and you tell them about Bill. No son of mine was a thief. No Holt but left a clean, fine name and could look anyone in the eye!"

"But, gran, I wouldn't know where to start! What to do!"

"You'll find it. God will show you a way somehow. That's what you lived for. That's what God let you live for, Anne!" Her eyes gleamed with a fanatic light. "You go down and tell them your father was a white man. You tell them my son was no sneaking robber of widows and children!"

"All right, gran. I'll go. I'll try!"

"Pack your things. You're going tonight. Right away!"

And in an hour I was on my way.

II

I REACHED New York on February tenth. I had three hundred dollars to deposit for my use, and the clothes and things that had been saved from the fire—out of which one suit was the only presentable and seasonable costume. There was a small scatterbrained hotel a few blocks from the station, where I got a room at twelve dollars a week. With no real idea of where to start or what to do, I tried to figure out a plan.

The first thing in the morning I tracked down Seth Ingram—the lawyer who so blaringly represented the depositors' association and championed their cause. He was intensely interested in meeting me; and he listened to me talk, watching all the while with gluey, measuring eyes. . . .

I had a hunch that he didn't trust me. Yet I laid my cards full on the table; and the more I bared my story, the less guarded and suspicious he became. . . . I learned considerable from him, and promised to meet him for dinner. The thing that registered with him most was my hatred of my grandfather, and the fact that I had refused a cent from him. . . .

Others I tried to make appointments with; but most were cagy, or dismissed me as a bothersome nitwit and crank. Some dates were set for future mornings. . . .

I went to the library and studied the newspaper reports. From the first announcement of Bill's death. The closing of the bank. The shrinkage of real-estate investments that the bank held, which were the basis of the first accusations. The purchase of stock really owned by directors themselves, the forming of a subsidiary in another state that was a false front for further activities of certain bank officials. It was all *so* confus-

TAKE YOUR

LISTEN to your better self and start the day with Shredded Wheat.

It's the natural energy food: all the wheat, including just the right balance of bran, brought to you as Nature intended you should have it. Rich in nourishment and the energy elements your body needs. Easily digested. And a flavor that wins all the family!

This all-food treat costs but little —12 full-size biscuits to the package. Quick to serve, too, with milk or

(*Continued in col. 3*)

SHREDDED WHEAT

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

ing. What could I do? I knew nothing!

Chadwick was the man I wanted to see. But Chadwick was guarded like a rare black orchid that nobody must breathe upon.

My brain burned with growing pains after that day's study in the library; but I went to dinner with Ingram a little better equipped. I asked questions and he explained. He asked question after question, and I told him candidly what my life had been since Bill's death. . . . More and more he softened; yet never once did he quite lose that guarded attitude . . . as if he feared there was a joker somewhere and he was going to be made a sucker by a woman's sob story. . . .

I gathered, after four hours with him, that it was Ennis Parks he suspected most.

I explained how desperately I had tried to see Chadwick, and the lawyer's eyes narrowed and his face settled into a black scowl. "Chadwick isn't worth seeing." He shrugged. "He won't talk. That man could say enough to blow up this town, but he'll never talk. He's not crooked. He's not guilty of what he's standing trial for. But he'll shut up and take the rap. . . ."

"But—why?"

HIS silence was world-weary and mournful.

"They've got him in too steep." He shrugged heavily. "They wove a tight net for him, and he walked into it like an innocent lamb. He's a fool, but he's not a crook. Everybody knows it."

"Then why doesn't everybody do something?"

He laughed—amused but bitter.

"There isn't enough proof!" His dark eyes glinted with impotent fury. "Most of them are afraid of their own hides, anyway. Half of them are in the same boat as Chadwick! I think Chadwick has the proof, and plenty. I'm not sure. But the consequences would be too great if he did open his mouth, and ten to one the oily bastard who's responsible would wriggle scot-free, and a lot of jackass figureheads would suffer instead. So . . ."

He regarded me somberly—puzzling.

"You mean Ennis Parks?" I probed. "Is he the one?"

He shook his head, and all interest seemed suddenly to have left him. He looked around irritably for the waiter to bring the check.

I had evidently said something stupid. He had dismissed me. I had evidently not grasped what lay behind his words, and he was annoyed and restless. Yet I left feeling I just might have annexed a very powerful friend. I went back to my room to think over every word he'd uttered. Why hadn't I thought of this before? Why hadn't I really interested myself in what was happening? Why had it never occurred to me to bestir myself?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OWN ADVICE

cream and fresh or preserved fruits. You'll find it in the best clubs, hotels, dining cars and restaurants.

Begin now! Say to yourself, "From now on I'll treat myself to two golden brown Shredded Wheat Biscuits every day, and eat to keep in trim!"

Visit the home of Shredded Wheat on your trip to Niagara Falls

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

SHREDDED WHEAT

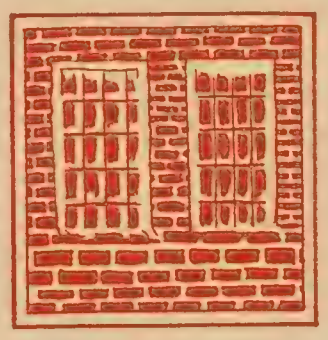
The natural energy food

ALL THROUGH THE YEAR

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-nine]

Even now, I felt it useless. I felt overpowered, beyond my depth, getting deeper into an impossible mystery of lies and deceptions and misdealings. . . . Who and what lay at the bottom of it? Where had it started? Or was it anybody's fault? . . . So many seemed implicated.

But each night I phoned gran, and the sharp metallic ring of her valiant old voice gave me a new courage. Each night I reported, and each night I wrote her lengthy descriptions of what I had done. . . . Each day I saw people, met for the most part with sullen distrust, one door after another shut to me. . . . They didn't want a woman interfering. A woman who knew nothing, to begin with. . . . They didn't want Bill's daughter hanging around and putting in her two cents' worth. . . . They had Bill all tagged and labeled, and why should I suddenly appear to make trouble and defy that label? . . .



But I went on and on, doggedly. Reading in the library—every word that every man had said on the stand. Reading all the endless papers that Ingram tossed at me to digest.

And then—

Nina came to town! Nina arrived!

Nina at the Sherry-Netherland.

Excitedly I hotfooted it up to see her. Maybe she would help. . . .

But I found a ghost of Nina—only a leftover of the Nina that had been—of the Nina that had ruled society. For months she had lain with jungle fever, that had eaten away most of the woman she was, and left her white-haired, wrinkled, past all fighting off of old age. Bitter, too. And scared! She had as good as lost Toby Wynn. He hung on, going through the gestures. But Nina hadn't long to live—and Wynn wouldn't be such a fool as to quit under the circumstances.

There was no use talking to Nina. She didn't know. She didn't care. She was bitter and utterly licked. A shaking, shattered relic, uglier than gran—uglier than I used to think gran. . . . She lay there in a feverish rage against the world—still acquisitive and greedy for possession—waiting for death. Waiting until death decided to relieve her. . . . And death was evidently going to take his own good time. Death was going to let her wait—who never had been kept waiting for anything. . . .

I left, stunned. Thank God, Bill had never lived to see her. His dream. His goddess! . . .

But the papers caught at my visit to her. That was the first real smell they'd had of me in town. Like a ton of Irish bricks they came down on me. In my shabby twelve-dollar-a-week room. Well, all my friends would know now. They'd all hear. . . . Friends!

I CALLED Ingram, and he asked me if I had the courage to give the papers dynamite. Came over and guided my interviews. And we gave them hell. We told. Told what Bill had done, and what I had done, and what I had been through since his death—defied anyone to find one cent put aside; one bond or stock that I owned. Told how everything had been disposed of, and what had been done with the money. So much for what the Holts had got away with. . . .

"Well, you know who did!" one of the reporters popped at me out of the side of his mouth. "We all know who did!"

Ingram cleared them out, and I questioned him—demanding to know what that meant. . . .

He told me that everybody felt that my grandfather had cleaned up—and sweet—on this whole bloody deal! Jerome Cedric, then, was the man he meant! It was Jerome he'd been trying to talk to me about—and I never caught on! But nobody could pin a thing on him. Nobody would dare. But there wasn't a shadow of a doubt in anyone's mind but that my grandfather had been the *deus ex machina.*

Ingram appreciated, he said patiently—and sincerely—that I hated my grandfather. He had questioned me specially on that and had convinced himself by investigation afterward. He was enthusiastic in his admiration of how I'd come through with the reporters. That would burn the old miser up! At first everybody felt that those of the Cedric family had profited along with the old coffee king. . . .

And that's why I got no attention wherever I went. That's why they wouldn't be bothered listening to me. They wouldn't believe that I, as a Cedric, wasn't in on it, and plenty—remembering the fine apartment I'd kept before I left town "to go into hiding." Taking the quarrel I'd had with grandfather as part of the show. . . .

And even if they did believe me, even if I ever convinced them, it would get nobody anything—except perhaps sympathy and respect for me personally, and a slight whitewash of my father. For who would dare to fight Jerome? He owned half the city, body and soul; and those he didn't own he had plenty on—enough to cook their stew if they ever opened their mouths.

Yes, Ingram would open his mouth—and wide!—if he had the real dope. But nobody could get the real goods to pin on the old man. Nobody ever would!

"IS that so?" I said. "Well, we'll see. I once vowed I'd get that man if it was the last thing I did. I'm not afraid of him. I have a few things on him—plenty of cute little family secrets that would make him squirm. And I'd like to see him suffer—as he made Bill suffer!"

Seth Ingram listened to me with breathless excitement. Dared me to go through with it!

Dared me? I'd love it. Nothing would give me more pleasure. Gran's mission was mine now. Clearing Bill's name was one grand fight. But giving Jerome what was coming to him—that made me paw the ground with the snort of a war horse.

Down I went with Seth Ingram to the meeting of the depositors. Up on the platform with him, facing that strange audience of losers. . . . And quivering at the spasmodic outburst of hisses and boos with which my name was first greeted. . . . But Ingram had them in the palm of his hand in no time. He told them about me. He sketched out most of my story—paved my way for me. And when he introduced me he stood by my side, his big paw on my shoulder, encouraging and prompting me. . . .

I told them. Once I found my voice, I told them plenty. That I was as big a loser as they! That I and my father were suckers too—that we had been taken in. . . . I told them what Bill's life had meant. . . . I told them I'd fight Jerome Cedric with the last breath I had. . . . And then I opened Bill's letter and read it to them—though my voice broke and I swallowed some of his precious words.

In deathlike silence the great hall listened to what Bill tried to tell me: "I have tried everything I know and I've worked desperately to clean up the slate and leave my record clear. . . . You must comprehend that and you mustn't think I've robbed you. When I had it you had it. It isn't mine any longer—it belongs to those who were on my ship and chose me as their mariner. They cannot suffer. . . . I have tried to save my passengers at any cost. To you I leave only the value of my life, baby—for the captain is going down with the . . ."

I stopped dead. Transfixed. My eyes had caught at other writing—the other page I had been fumbling with and which, when opened, held other words—in *Bill's writing!* Words I had never seen! And I stared down at them dumfounded—speechless!

The audience thought my emotion had overcome me. . . . I vaguely heard a mild demonstration—I didn't realize it was applause. Ingram had rushed to my side and I stared blindly at him. . . .

He had difficulty getting me out and safely into a small room adjoining the platform. . . . I barely remember how he guided me there, rescuing me from the mob that waited to shake my hand—to touch me. . . .

In the little stuffy room, I pushed aside his sympathy—his congratulations. . . . I caught at his arm, still staring at the words and trying to drink them in . . . reading them over and over without quite reaping the full significance.

"Look! Mr. Ingram, look!" I gasped, jerking at his arm. . . . "A postscript here. I never saw—never in my life saw those words. . . ."

"What? What's that?"

"A postscript!" I repeated urgently. "On Bill's letter to me. . . . I never even saw. . . . I was so sick, you know, when I got this letter. . . . But look! My God, look!"

He bent his huge overheated face close to mine and together we read—I half aloud:

P.S. Anne darling, I don't know whom else to trust but you, for others might use this for their own questionable purposes. In many ways I feel I shouldn't leave it at all; and yet, I am driven to it by a greater fear. . . . Please take precious care of the inclosed key. It is to a safe-deposit box in the Marine Trust here in Washington. Number 703. I am sure our bank is all right now and there is no danger. But, if anything should go wrong, I have reason to believe I will be attacked by your grandfather.

In this box are certain data regarding him that will silence him, no matter what. I have not tried to use them against him now as blackmail. I would rather call it a life than bring disgrace to Nina's people. That's why I am trusting you, and only you. Use this only in the most urgent necessity—which I am pretty confident will never arise. Otherwise never let anyone know you have it—and some day, after Jerome Cedric is dead and gone—go down and burn them.

I know I can trust you. God bless you, honey!

BILL.

I didn't hear Ingram's high-pressure oaths of exultation, his insistence that Bill must have buried the dynamite that they all needed, the fact that he'd lay ten thousand to one that here was the means of collaring Cedric and putting him safe in hell. . . . I didn't hear any of it. . . . I was still gazing at the words through a blur of tears, telling myself that this was written with different ink, and wondering how many hours after the first letter Bill had written it—how close to the moment when he finally lifted the gun to his head. . . . I was thinking how desperately he must have hated Jerome, and of how this might save Bill's good name now . . . of what it would mean to gran. . . . And her silly shrill words rang in my ears: "God will show you a way."

Why, why, why hadn't I read this in all the months since Bill's death? How had I ever missed it? Had I fainted, or what? Thank God, anyway, I still had it . . . that I'd held on to it all this time safely. . . .

"THE key—the key!" Ingram was grasping my shoulders and shaking me into recognition of him and his demands. "Where is the key, girl?"

I shivered. Bill felt he could trust me—and where was the key he had intrusted to my care? . . .

"I don't know," I wailed. "I don't know! I never saw . . . Yes, I did! I remember. . . . Something fell out of the envelope when I opened Bill's letter. I kind of remember it *was* a *key*. . . . I don't know! I don't know what became of it!"

"Think, child—think!"

But I couldn't think. I couldn't remember anything beyond the moment I first read Bill's letter, and the time I got up with feverish excitement to sign away my insurance and sell off my things in a frenzied effort to help. . . .

Ingram brought me over to his apartment. His wife was there. She was beautiful. . . . She was wild with excitement, too. She had been there when I had read Bill's letter to the crowd. She was all sympathy and tenderness. . . . Others were there. . . . But, question as they might, I couldn't remember. . . .

I stayed with Mrs. Ingram that night—in a guest room that reminded me of other days, of the times when I had everything around me and counted the cost of no desired luxury. . . . I was with her from then on. . . . I began to realize they were guarding me. The papers were wild with the story of the depositors' meeting the night that I read to them. . . . But that wasn't what was on my mind. Ingram was working like a hunger-mad bear. . . . Now he had seen Chadwick, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I believe you love that old pipe better than you do me!"

Men smoke a pipe because it's kind of soothing..quieting. If the tobacco is made for pipes, if it's cut to burn cool, and if it never gums the pipe, that's when men enjoy it. That's why Granger is America's pipe tobacco.

Handy pocket pouch of heavy foil. Keeps tobacco better and makes the price lower . . . 10c

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He RAGED and he SHIFTED on every dinky hill..

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It's *oiliness* that makes oil fight friction, and heat, and dilution. You get a sweeter motor right away with oilier oil. It seals in power and puts new pep in your engine.

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[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-one]

Chadwick, with the dawn of hope, had given Ingram plenty of ammunition at last.

They brought Roger Ballantine to me. And Glenn Clark. . . . But they were like people from another world. I felt almost as if I'd never met Glenn Clark—so far had I come from the days when he was my manager. . . . They brought others to me. Certain federal authorities. Big names were tossed into my face. . . . I barely knew whom I met or what they meant. I only knew I could feel safe in Ingram's hands, and that it was comforting to know that old Roger Ballantine was working side by side with our cause.

They took me, in a fair measure of secrecy and heavy plain-clothes guard, down to Washington. There we got court permission to open Bill's box. . . . They took me back again in as much haste and dispatch. . . .

Many, many more men I met and talked to. Always with Mrs. Ingram, encouraging and solicitous, by my side, and Ingram opposite me, prompting me whenever I stopped for breath or became confused. At last I just sat back and listened to them, nourishing myself on their excitement, their assured success. I couldn't talk any more. Through no cleverness on my part, no thanks to me . . . Bill had said that luck put him at the top of the heap; luck kicked him into the gutter—the "breaks," he called it. Well, luck was putting him back again—*supreme!* And I was too filled with gladness to speak.

But they did all the talking for me. I merely sat dutifully by and nodded in agreement. Gave statements under oath. They had a stock fraud pinned on my grandfather now, as well as certain obvious misappropriations of bank funds. . . . And I searched my mind to back up what I could with dates and places and names. . . . Betraying family scandals was nothing to me now. . . .

THE day Jerome Cedric went on trial was one of the bitterest joys of my life. For two days I took the witness stand against him. And then, in sheer exhaustion, I took the train up to gran.

My work was done. I didn't want to be in on the rest. If they needed me they could call me. My work was done, and before many weeks Jerome Cedric would be led to bars behind which he would finish his days. And Ennis Parks would go with him. But everybody else was cleared. And grandfather's estate would more than clean up the losses. He had been made to sign over—plenty!

Some day—within another week, probably—the Puritan Bank would reopen. And all that long line of desperate people I had once seen outside my father's grim iron bank doors would form a long line again. Only this time—*this* time—there would be only smiles on their faces or, if there were any tears, they would be tears of gladness, of hope, of thankfulness to God. And they'd thank the right One. . . . *This* time they'd get back every cent that was coming to them, and what Jerome Cedric, through his tool Ennis Parks, had robbed them of.

And hour by hour the iron wheels brought me nearer and nearer to gran. With so much to tell her—I could hardly wait! Soon I'd have money to give her—my own refund from my own bank deposits. . . .

Half the town of Bucksport met me at the station. Proud! Welcoming! Dr. Littlefield, more like Santa Claus than ever, drove me up to gran's—mumbling in his white beard about a "surprise" that was waiting for me.

The drive was strange. The country seemed strange. But it was home. There was a kinship between the very soil and me! Goin' Home! . . .

GRAN, as usual, met me at the doorway. On crutches already! Arms outstretched, head thrown back proudly, eyes beaming with joy. . . . Gran, who had always stood at the door, her arms outstretched to so many loved ones . . . a parade of those she had sent forth to conquer, those she had taken back, defeated, broken, sick—or successful, rich, proud . . . giving each that tender welcome. . . .

The doctor lingered—explaining that nobody wanted to butt in, but everybody wanted to come—to shake my hand, to congratulate Bill's gal. . . .

The sitting room made me want to cry. There were flowers—all the fresh spring flowers from their gardens, done up with ribbons and little cards. Jars of jam. Duck eggs. Special little gifts of all kinds. . . . From these people who had produced the Holts, and were so anxious to share success with one of their own. . . . And would I speak at the Junior High . . . and would I visit the hospital . . . and would I—would I . . .

Gran and I hugged each other breathlessly. She had tea ready for me, and hot scones and butter, and fresh crab salad. . . . And we talked—and talked! And all the time she kept hushing me and asking me to please lower my voice, for she had a sick neighbor upstairs that she was nursing back to health; for he had nobody, poor soul, nobody to care for him. . . .

But not until that wily old devil got every bit of news she wanted did she rise and ask me if I'd mind taking a cup of broth up to the invalid while she cleared away. . . .

I took the tin tray with its steaming beef broth and went up the stairs dutifully, pausing to remark how excited I'd be to see the upstairs all finished.

And gran stood nodding at me and smiling—in such a peculiar way—saying:

"Yes. Yes. Oh, you'll be interested, I dare say!"

So up I went, and knocked at the

door of the room I had once lain in.

"Go right in!" shouted gran from below. And I did. Glanced at the figure propped up in the bed, and then dropped the tray, broth and all, with a crash to the floor.

"Tony!" I shrieked. "*Tony!*"

I saw his arms uplifted and heard him cry out my name. . . . And the next moment I had rushed to him, burying my face in his shoulder, kissing him over and over, and being kissed so I couldn't utter a word.

I hadn't heard the thump of crutches on the stairs; but I did hear an irate voice breaking in on our rhapsody: "Well, you needn't go spoiling my new braided rug, and me up night after night to finish it!"

I turned and laughed. Went over to gran to help pick up the broken dishes and wipe up the broth. But she wasn't interested. She didn't care a toot what was ruined. She had come to lean, panting but happy, on her crutches and watch us—talk with us. . . . And we all talked at once.

And while Tony was holding my face between his hands the better to study me, I was asking him what was the matter and why he was sick. And gran was talking over and above us, explaining how she had wired to Tony a day or so after I had first told her about him. Yes, sir; she wired the poor fool to come back to me if he cared anything or if he had a spark of manhood left in him. And Tony was talking through that, asking if I could ever forgive him, and begging to kiss over and over the little mark that lingered on the inside of my lip where he had struck me.

EVENTUALLY I found out that his illness "wasn't anything." . . . Only he had gone straight to hell after he had left me that night, and woke up to find himself on a ship bound for South America. He was in such a lousy condition that he caught cold, which developed into grippe, which turned into double pneumonia, and he had been fighting that all the time he was down there, and was only slowly recovering when he got gran's wire.

Against all instructions, he had taken sail immediately to come to me. And on the way up he caught a fresh cold. And gran had become worried and insisted she didn't want to present me with a dead man, and so she had put him to bed and kept him there.

Not once were we left alone for a word with each other! Gran, beaming, nodding, approving, was on hand to enjoy the lovers first-hand, thank you, and not for nothing had she brought them together.

AND finally, when we were alone, we found we had nothing to say. In that week, we had said it all right in front of her. I gathered, anyway, that gran had said everything for me—that she had told Tony every word of the outpour of heartache that I had confided to her. And perhaps it was best. For I had told her so much that I wouldn't have dared to tell him, much as I might want him to understand. . . .

So all we had to say now was—I love you. I love you! And each time we said it, it was newer and more surprising and more precious. And what else mattered? Especially with so much to be done. . . . With me back in my routine, and doubling up to help gran all I could now to pay her back; and Tony, as soon as he was allowed by the bossy old darling to get to his feet, busy at painting floors for her, and varnishing furniture.

And then, in June—because gran decided, and what she said seemed to go—we were married: in her sitting room, by the Rev. Timothy Selby. And Santa Claus gave me away.

And gran gave us a wedding present. Took down the ax from over the fireplace and presented it to us.

"You're headed for a strange land, just like your people before you, to build you a home and a new life," she quavered. "You'll find there's nothing like a good strong ax, and this here one has proved its blade. But whether you find emeralds in South America—or just happiness—remember, you belong here too. This was Bill's home, and it's yours."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

No Nursemaid

The family had recently moved from the city to a farm. Little Roger, the only child for several years, was not greatly pleased when a baby sister came.

Enthusiastic over country life, mother was planning with Roger one day how they would raise cows, goats, etc. Then she said, "Run get me baby's bottle, dear."

"Now, see here, mother. I'll go in partnership with you raising cattle, but not babies!" Roger answered indignantly.—Mary L. McMillan, Eureka Springs, Ark.

The Snoring Cow

Little May was put to bed on the sleeping porch, which chanced to be not very far from a stable where a neighbor's cow was kept.

The neighbor was away until late, so that the cow bawled loudly and frequently for feed.

The father of the little girl, finding her awake an hour later, said, "May, why are you still awake?"

May answered vigorously: "I'd like to know how *any*body could sleep, with that cow *snoring* like that."—Mary Mccrae Cutler, Orange, Calif.

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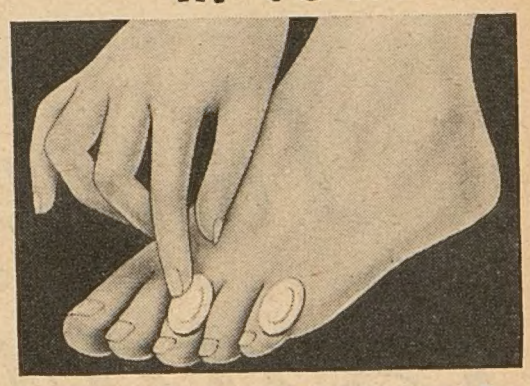

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 25 seconds.)

THERE are not many prominent women who have eaten hedgehog stew. Elizabeth Pennell has. That's because she knows all about gypsies, and hedgehog stew is a favorite gypsy dish.

All sorts of interesting things have happened to Mrs. Pennell, widow of the great American artist, Joseph Pennell. In London she and her late husband lived in a house with their dining-room windows very close to those of George Bernard Shaw. One day some guests at the Pennell home looked over and asked, "Isn't that where Shaw lives?"

Elizabeth Pennell

"Yes," said Pennell. "I'll show him to you."

The artist picked up a luncheon roll and threw it. Shaw's windows were open. The roll zipped in and bounced under the very nose of the famous playwright, who was sitting there eating his noonday meal.

Then the guests saw Mr. Shaw. They saw him jump up and do a dance of outraged dignity. They also heard him. With his Irish temper ablaze, he told them plenty.

Mrs. Pennell, who now lives in New York, was one of the first women columnists in the world, and is a noted student of gypsy life. She is president of the Gypsy Lore Society.

ON this page some weeks ago I wrote about a beautiful woman who would not smile because she feared that lines might form around her mouth. I have received a number of letters commenting on this. "In future," one reader writes, "I will not like anyone who has no lines around the mouth or eyes. The woman you described was an inhuman monster."

That particular letter reminded me of a dramatic experience I had in Russia during the Revolution.

In the grim old Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul the Soviet government had imprisoned members of the short-lived Kerensky government. Many of these prisoners were close friends of mine. I learned that they were completely at the mercy of the prison guards, a drunken, undisciplined riffraff. My imprisoned friends were in danger of being massacred, I heard.

Something had to be done. I decided to appeal to one of the Soviet chiefs. But to whom? Their faces flashed before me. Lenin, Trotsky—cynical, indifferent. They wouldn't do. Then I recalled the face of a certain commissar. I had seen him laughing and joking. He had lines around his mouth and eyes.

I went to his house, was shown into his study.

"You have lines around your eyes and mouth," I began. "That means you must be human. It means you can laugh and smile. So I have come to you."

I explained my mission.

Within four hours the prison guard was changed and a responsible Soviet officer installed in the fortress. Later I learned that a wholesale massacre of my friends, the prisoners, had been planned for that very night.

The commissar with the lines of humor on his face was human enough to prevent it.

DOES your tummy bulge? Pull it in—or you won't be able to wear the new fall styles. For tummies are fatal to these high-bosomed, high-waisted, figure-molding effects that Paris is sponsoring for the autumn.

Big puffs of contrasting material have blossomed out at the tops of the new sleeves. High flaring fur collars will adorn the new coats, making brimmed hats impossible.

PENCILS play an important part in my life. I do all my writing in longhand, with a pencil. The last time I went to Europe I laid in a stock of lovely pencils. They were most inspiring. One was gold and green, bringing me visions of Italian palaces, medieval days, romance. A red-and-white barber-pole pencil recalled sleepy English villages. I had rainbow pencils, checkered pencils, pencils that looked like marble, and dotted ones, and ones with varicolored stars on them. Alas, they are all used up, except this sad little stump I am writing with now. When new it was sprightly, white and star-spangled, a fine gay pencil, prompting merry thoughts.

I wish the pencil makers in this country would brighten up their wares. I need fancy pencils. They stimulate my imagination.

DO you believe in luck? Is there any such thing? When I ask myself this question reasonably, I say to myself, "Luck, so called, is really nothing but a combination of foresight and steady nerves." Then along comes something that knocks my logic into a cocked hat.

The other evening I played roulette with friends. (We play for fun, never for money.) There were six of us. And one player did not win a solitary chip in two hours of play. He said he *never* wins.

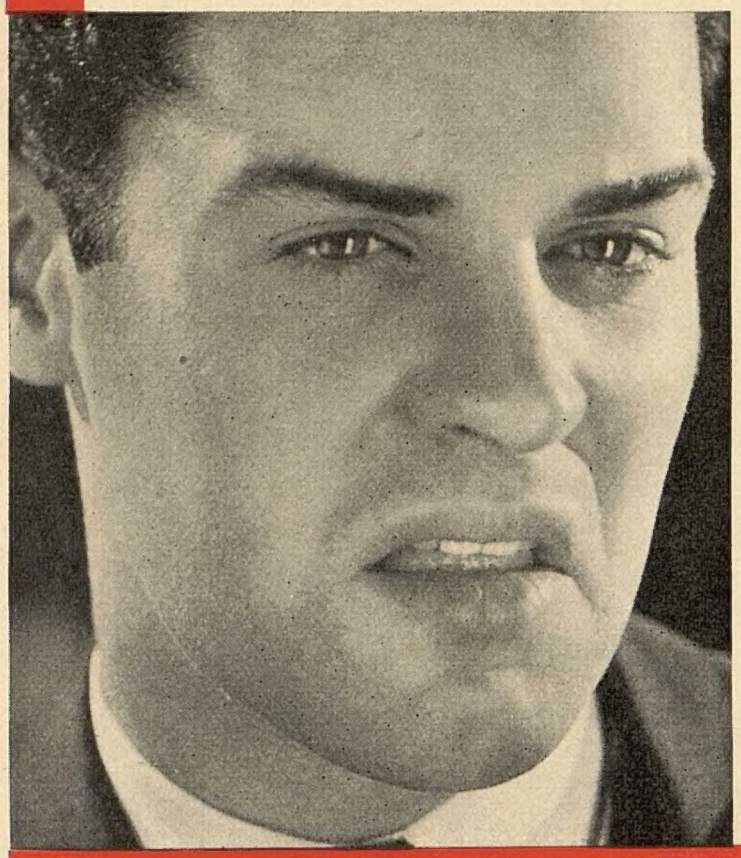
No sense to it, is there?

Every year for twenty years an English friend of mine has purchased a ticket in the Derby Sweepstakes. She has never won a penny. Her sister, just once, bought half a ticket—and won a lot.

No sense again.

So what's the use of trying to believe that there is no such thing as luck?

Keep your mouth glands at work, *or* . .



TOOTH decay, bad breath, unhealthy mouth conditions quickly follow when mouth glands grow sluggish. And this is all too common today. Scientists say haste—mental strain—even loud noises, cause our mouth fluids to slow down.

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING

Dentyne, originated by a dentist, helps overcome this condition. The slow Dentyne chew causes a full normal flow of the precious salivary fluids to enter the mouth, cleanse the teeth and refresh the entire oral cavity. And its special ingredient keeps teeth white. Dentyne is delicious—refreshing—healthful.

Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

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BECAUSE THEY TASTE BETTER.

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Wherever you buy Chesterfields, you get them just as fresh as if you came by our factory door

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